The Nation.

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The Week.

The greatest possible defect of a book, declared the Port Royal logicians, is not to be read. The same is true of Presidential messages; and Mr. Roosevelt has made his of such inordinate length that it will be little read. Advocating severe cutting down of Government publications which "no human being" can read, he unhappily produces one of that sort himself. His portentous message, breaking all records and all backs, might have been boiled down to five columns, with appended note: "For the rest, see my speeches and previous messages *passim*." Yet there is one set of his speeches to which he could not refer. We mean his tariff-revision speeches of 1902. All that zeal has cooled. To judge by this message, President Roosevelt has become the weakest of stand-patters—one without real convictions, that is, and swayed only by political expediency. He masses the futilities for doing nothing with the tariff in the most approved manner—in a manner, we add, that will be applauded by those life-insurance officials and others who paid money to the Republican committee last year on the distinct understanding that the tariff plunder was to be let alone. This suggests another part of his message which is disappointingly feeble. His references to political corruption, and especially to contributions to campaign committees by corporations, are not what was expected of Theodore Roosevelt. He perfunctorily renews his recommendation that there be publication of campaign expenditures, and would have all contributions by corporations forbidden by law; but he makes no allusion to the scandalous diversion of trust funds to aid in his own election—has no word of indignant repudiation of his own agents who sought and received such unlawful contributions. To this, then, his reported Oyster Bay indignation has simmered down.

The President's battle-horse is, of course, his project of railway-rate regulation. As he distinctly refuses to indicate "the exact terms" of the law he desires, it is at present possible to note only his general ideas. These are well known. He wishes Congress to give some "administrative" body power to fix railway rates, which shall go into effect "within a reasonable time and subject to review by the courts." Yet he has discovered that "it is not possible adequately to secure the enforcement of any law of this kind by incessant appeal to the courts." Still, the courts are open! A sharper sense of that fact has apparently led the President to doubt if the millennium will be ushered in even by the adoption of his suggestions. "It is a complicated and delicate problem, and all kinds of difficulties are sure to arise in connection with any plan, while no plan will bring all the benefits hoped for by its more optimistic adherents." At one moment Mr. Roosevelt seems to think that rebates and the abuses of private-car lines and terminals and switches and icing charges are the main things to strike at—which, of course, can be done without recourse to Government rate-making; at another, he says that unless the rate-making power is granted "there is little use in touching the subject at all." The President also appears to be ready to offer the railroads legalized pooling if they will consent to his plan; at least, we do not know what else he can mean by his proposal to "permit . . . agreements clearly in the interest of the public," provided the Interstate Commerce Commission first be given the power to "fix a maximum rate." This whole subject, obviously, will be only too much with us all the coming winter; and we must be content to-day with remarking that the President is plainly less sure of his ground and of himself.

The Administration finds itself in a singularly humiliating position in relation to Germany. That country has denounced the reciprocity agreement in effect with us since 1900, because of the rearrangement of its tariff legislation, and is now ready to negotiate anew. So are the President and Secretary Root, and so are the merchants and manufacturers whose business is going to suffer by the higher tariff which will be in force after March 1. But apparently nothing can be done to alter the situation. Secretary Root, after much difficulty, has succeeded in discovering one lone Senator who is in favor of a new reciprocity agreement with Germany, but even he admits that there is no chance whatever of inducing Congress to act. There is no possibility of finding sixty Senators who will vote as he feels, and a two-thirds vote is necessary to ratify a treaty. The long list of rejected reciprocity treaties, the failure of Congress to do justice to the Filipinos, all confirm this view. So, in effect, Mr. Root has to say to Baron Sternburg: "The President wants to join you in enacting a new treaty, and so does his Secretary of State and all the business interests concerned. But the 'stand-patters' control this Government, and decline to allow any tinkering with the tariff lest the whole structure come tumbling down. Hence we of the executive branch can only twiddle our thumbs, though admitting the justice of your request and acknowledging that a new reciprocity treaty would add considerably to our material prosperity."

That paragraph in a report of Col. Edwards, chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, in which he recommends that the application of the coastwise shipping laws to Philippine trade be deferred until April 11, 1909, though short, is of great importance. It can have only one meaning: that, in the opinion of the American authorities most concerned with the welfare of the islands, American ship owners, in spite of nearly three years given them for preparation, have not yet made such arrangements as will furnish inexpensive transportation in American bottoms. This falls in with the testimony of Mr. Barber, who, after a visit to the Philippines some months ago, declared that American shipping was no better prepared then to carry all the island commerce with this country than it had been when the Philippine shipping bill was passed, and that he did not believe it would be much better prepared after another year. Recent bids of American and foreign carriers on coal for the islands are said to have been $7.00 and $4.87½ per ton, respectively. The difference is the tax which will be imposed by the operation of the coastwise laws. As this and the provision for subsidized railroads are the only important pieces of Philippine legislation enacted since the "pacification" of the islands, the demand for a delay of three years more is a poor compliment to the wisdom of the National Legislature.

Among the other labors of the Commissioner of Corporations, it is stated that he is "working hard" on a "report on the steel industry" which is to furnish the President "forceful arguments" when he "decides that the time has come to recommend a scaling of certain tariff schedules." It is not, however, lack of arguments that troubles the President. He had them and produced them in 1901. He was as hot then to revise the tariff as he is now to make railway rates. But that was before the stand-patters had got him down. As for arguments for scaling down the steel duties, they meet him wherever he turns. If he takes up the report of the subsidy committee, for example, he will find even its hardened protectionists revolting at the fact that our steel-makers were charging our shipbuilders $32 a ton for plates, at the same time that they were selling them to the Belfast builders for $22. This, said the Repub-

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licans of the committee, "calls for some plain speaking," since "these steel mills simply heap an unjust and intolerable burden upon an interest now well-nigh prostrate." But woe be to the man who touches the tariff making such outrages possible!

Representative Payne, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, informs the artists of America that they cannot have the tariff taxes on paintings and statuary removed. The time, he says without a blush—at least, with none visible from this distance—is not "opportune" to revise the tariff, and, of course, the "whole tariff question" would be "opened" if any rash Congressman should introduce a bill to make art free. Besides, he explains, the artists do not know their own business. But does Payne know his own business? He says that he once "befriended" the artists by getting inserted in the McKinley tariff "a clause removing the duty on works of art imported from abroad." But, veracious Payne, Section 465 of the McKinley bill levied a duty of 15 per cent. on "paintings in oil or water-colors, and statuary." Pursuing his muddled reminiscences, Mr. Payne says that it was the Wilson tariff, "if I am not mistaken," which "placed the tariff in operation again." Well, you are mistaken, Congressman. The tariff on art was already, as we have seen, in "operation," and the Wilson bill removed it—see Section 575 of the tariff act of 1894. Sereno E. Payne was a member of the Ways and Means Committee at the time; but, of course, he was too busy denouncing the Wilson bill to know what was in it. Thus it was the ignorant and wicked Democratic party that really "befriended" the artists of America; as soon as the party of intelligence returned to power, it proceeded to clap on the tax again, to the tune of 20 per cent.

Embarrassing as is the resignation of the United States Minister to Cuba just at this time, Mr. Squiers was clear-eyed enough to perceive that his usefulness had come to an end. Secretary Root's admirable letter, quashing the hopes of the Isle of Pines annexationists, contained, also, an implied rebuke of the Minister, and his withdrawal promptly followed. The situation with regard to Cuba is difficult enough. There are plenty of American annexationists in Cuba who will seek every opportunity to embroil its Government with the United States in order to achieve their ends. There are others who will demand American interference for sanitary reasons, or because of the increasing unrest in the interior; and the vicious Platt Amendment will play into their hands. It is in every way necessary, therefore, that the scales should be held evenly at Washington, and that the State Department should be influenced neither by prejudiced representations nor by men with axes to grind. Hence, Mr. Root's evident desire to do the right thing by Cuba, as manifested in his Isle of Pines letter, is a welcome augury of future justice to the Republic.

With Mr. Odell's reported desire to have Postmaster-General Cortelyou and Cornelius N. Bliss questioned by the Insurance Committee as to the political contributions they received from the insurance companies, we are in hearty accord. Mr. Odell's motive is obviously to discredit those pure Washingtonians who are now bent on reading him out of the party. To our mind, justice to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cortelyou calls for a clearing-up of this whole question of the methods of the Republican National Committee. The Insurance Committee has already performed an inestimable service in demonstrating the alliance between corrupt politicians and the corrupting corporations; we want the picture complete, bringing out the national aspect of the matter, lest people notice its unfinished condition, and lay it to tenderness for President Roosevelt. We heartily welcome the report that he had declared that both Platt and Odell must go. That would be in line with his best traditions, and should be the kind of warfare in which he could most delight. Platt and Odell—and Depew. These three must be retired forthwith unless the party desires to be pulled down by them to defeat as well as disgrace.

George W. Perkins will retire from the vice-presidency and the chairmanship of the finance committee of the New York Life. When he attempted to be both vice-president of the life-insurance company and partner of J. Pierpont Morgan, the latter gravely doubted whether it was possible, even for a man of Mr. Perkins's energy and vivacity, to hold the two positions. The event has amply justified Mr. Morgan's misgivings. Among the most unpleasant revelations of the insurance investigation have been those in regard to Mr. Perkins's performances in his dual rôle. As officer of the insurance company he had to drive hard bargains with the partner of Morgan; and as partner of Morgan he had to see that the officer of the insurance company ("the trustee for widows and orphans," as the beautiful phrase is) did not overreach him. The plain statement of facts on the witness stand made it obvious to everybody that Mr. Perkins could not try to serve two masters without damaging both them and himself. His retirement from the insurance business is the first open step toward house-cleaning in the New York Life; but it cannot be the last. The McCall management and President John A. McCall himself no longer command public confidence. To blink this fact is useless. The juggling of the annual statement of the company, the secret ownership of stocks which were presumably sold, the dabbling in the Steel stock syndicate through an intermediary, the elaborate and costly machinery for the corruption of legislatures—all these things have served to write down the name of McCall in that black-list of insurance officials who must resign.

All the speeches at the City Club's "Political-Independence" Dinner last week were forward-looking. The great victories already won were less dwelt upon than the battles yet to be fought. Reform has evidently put its hand to the plough and will not look back. To improve the weapons with which debased politicians are to be continuously attacked; to obtain a simpler, surer ballot; to make the laws against corrupt practices more thoroughgoing and to enforce them; to drag political manipulators out of the cellerage where they lurk and compel them to publicity; to give the people through better primary laws a better opportunity to work their will—these were the themes discussed with vigor and hope. Mr. Jerome, as usual, excelled all in terrific plainness of speech. His bold and indignant words about the degradation of the bench in New York city should cause much searching of hearts. He spoke but the truth, yet it is a truth which our easy-going Bar Association, with the profession in general and a careless public, has been too slow to admit or act upon. Judges in our highest courts boss-made, or on their knees to political machines; judges practically buying their positions and expecting to recoup themselves by mixing up justice with gain; incompetent and pliable judges in charge of such vast interests in this city—that was the fearful picture of disgrace which Mr. Jerome drew with his customary startling frankness.

No candidate for the Speakership of the Assembly approaching J. Mayhew Wainwright in fitness and independence has thus far made his appearance. He has not only followed the welcome fashion of announcing his own candidacy without consulting any boss or leader or organization, but has promulgated a platform beyond criticism. In brief, he pledges himself to do his utmost to make the Assembly a legislative body instead of a machine for registering the decrees of bosses and the corrupt corporations which create them. He will, for instance, set himself against the domination of the Rules Committee, which controls the Assembly for the last ten days of the session. During this time the worst bills are generally passed.

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Like Mr. Parsons, Mr. Wainwright has raised a standard to which all who favor the reofficering of the Republican party by honest men should repair. During his five years at Albany, Mr. Wainwright has shown commendable independence, and has opposed every "strike" bill and steal which came up, and this despite the fact that he owed his election to one of the worst bosses in this State—Ward of Westchester County. In his notable fight against the Mortgage Tax bill he rendered a public service which should now stand him in good stead.

The representatives of Columbia University have promptly put an end to the football "obsession" at their institution. They displayed a courage more often wanting in scholastic circles. President Butler, too, rose above questions of expediency; was not misled by talk of "waiting until the excitement should cool down," and was quite ready to face the august disapproval of the student body which has terrorized so many college executives. Columbia has blazed the way, and other colleges are bound to fall in behind her. New York University will, we hope, come next to complete this city's leadership in the reform. Harvard seems destined to lag behind.

The introduction in the Boston Board of Aldermen of an ordinance prohibiting football within the city limits—which include the Harvard Stadium—directs attention to the possibility of reforming the game from without if reform from within should fail. For a good many years anti-football bills have been among the "freak" measures annually introduced in Western legislatures, and occasionally—in South Dakota, we believe, was the latest instance—one of these has been enacted and enforced for a short time. It is hardly to be doubted that, when the law steps in to suppress any form of public "amusement," it stops. Football, at least, cannot, like pugilism or cock-fighting, be indulged in in secret. As for public sentiment, it is true that football games in this city have drawn at least twice as large crowds as prize-fights ever did under the Horton law, yet what has been done in the one case could assuredly be done in the other. We are not prepared to argue that it should be, under existing conditions. A certain sense of academic immunities, an inheritance from the benefit of clergy, has often operated in the past to stay the hand of the public authorities.

Mr. Balfour's abrupt resignation in a recess of Parliament is not wholly unprecedented, though few Prime Ministers have had to make his humiliating confession that the Government was so tumbling about his ears that he could not go on and face the Commons. It was Mr. Chamberlain who forced the crisis. His bitter and contemptuous speech at Bristol, in which he declared that "no army was ever led successfully to battle on the principle that the lamest man should govern the march," was practically a notice to Mr. Balfour to quit. What a long series of defeats in bye-elections, with the Ministry's steady loss of prestige and even respect, could not induce the Prime Minister to do, a single utterance of his too powerful subordinate in the party compelled precipitately. Of course, if Mr. Balfour had to acknowledge that his Cabinet and his party are reduced to such impotence that they cannot carry on the Government a week longer, there was nothing for the Liberals to do but step into the breach. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has earned the Liberal leadership by his pluck and dour persistence through the dark days of the party, rather than risen to it by commanding qualities, will doubtless form a Ministry. But its first step will be to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. The general election, which even Chamberlain admits can result only in a Liberal victory, will probably take place early in the year—after the Christmas festivities are over and the new registry of voters comes into effect in January.

Even England finds that she has now reached a point where she can put limits on her naval expansion. Last year she made a reduction in her navy estimates of $17,500,000; this year she expects to cut them down $7,500,000 more. The Admiralty is, moreover, to be content with four large armored ships every year, which practically means merely a replacement of obsolete or worn-out ships, or at most a slight annual increase. Undoubtedly, the total collapse of the Russian navy—far more obvious to-day than when Togo won his great victory in May—has had something to do with this decision. Still another reason is the financial one; the English rate-payer is burdened enough now for armaments. Only the United States, France, and Germany are to-day naval rivals of Great Britain, since Japan is allied to England by a treaty which is an additional reason why the Admiralty can now afford to stop the increase of the fleet. Japan's battleships may be counted as England's for many practical purposes. Moreover, as Lord Cawdor points out, England's shipbuilding resources are so great that she can always overtake a rival naval programme by reason of her unsurpassed power of rapid construction. Now if England can cry, "Hold, enough!" in this matter, it is long past time for the United States to do likewise—unless we plan the hopeless game of attempting to outdo the queen of the seas.

The agitation for universal suffrage injected into Austrian politics by Fejervary's programme for Hungary may seriously affect the position of the German element. Liberal Germans, both within and without the ranks of the Socialists, fear that with universal suffrage their numerical representation in the local diets and the Vienna Reichsrath would be considerably diminished. Experience has shown that clerical and reactionary Germans are willing to make common cause with the Slavs against the Liberals, and, notably in Bohemia, powerful aristocrats and landed proprietors, such as Prince Schwarzenberg, have openly allied themselves with the Czechs. The outlook of the Germans is still worse in Moravia, where the Czechs outnumber them nearly three to one. In Carniola, Istria, and southern Styria the Slovens are in an overwhelming majority. But even in northern Styria and Carinthia, which are preponderatingly German, a few seats may be lost by the Germans in an election based on universal suffrage. Tyrol, where the line of demarcation between Germans and Italians is clearly fixed, is in no danger of being similarly affected, while in the purely German provinces of Lower and Upper Austria and Salzburg the race question has never been acute.

The birth-throes of the new Russia continue with increasing violence and destructiveness. The deep of the naval mutiny at Cronstadt has been answered by one greater at Sevastopol, involving the loss of ships, but equally ineffective in the end. Over all is thrown a vast confusion and paralysis by railroad strikes, postmen's strikes, and telegraphers' strikes, isolating the parts of the Empire from one another, and the whole from the outside world. No such extraordinary phenomenon has ever been seen as this constraint of an absolute monarch to redress ordinary grievances which he alone has the power to redress, to grant constitutional reforms which he alone has the power to initiate, and to abdicate altogether in favor of the wild and anarchical contentions of all shades of revolutionists. If any other nation is complacently looking on at this torture, and its accompanying hell-broth of incendiarism, pillage, and slaughter, we venture to remind it that the *industrial* screws applied in Russia are all ready to be turned on in the freest country on earth, with the criminal mob as a reserve ally and terror. We saw it in the cutthroat railroad strike of 1877; we saw it in the cutthroat coal strike of 1903. We shall see it again, and yet again, till our mushy morality regarding labor disturbances gives way to saner views of what man, however dissatisfied with his lot, owes to his fellow-man.

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CARNEGIE BRANCH

THE SENATE'S ROLL OF DISHONOR.

When the Senate of the United States convened on Monday, two of its members were absent by reason of their conviction for crime. Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon and Senator Joseph R. Burton of Kansas have each been sentenced to six months in prison and to pay fines of $1,000 and $2,500, respectively. Both have appealed from the decisions against them; and both are nearing the end of their terms. Their effort plainly is to stave off final decision just as long as possible. Reëlection, like rehabilitation, is out of the question in Burton's case, even if he should obtain a setting aside of the verdict against him; while Mitchell, who is broken down physically as well as morally, is desperately clinging to his salary as his only means of livelihood. Their empty chairs should be a solemn notice to their fellow-Senators that the prestige of the "most august assembly on earth" has suffered a terrible blow.

But even worse for the Senate than the shameful absence of Burton and Mitchell is the presence of three others whose names figure also on the Senate's roll of dishonor. Thomas C. Platt, Chauncey M. Depew, and Boies Penrose will be pointed out more often than others, and always as disgraced Senators. The name of Depew has become a byword. Within a year of his reëlection for a second term, he has fallen so low in public estimation that a clergyman has called for his expulsion from a social club, and he himself is practically ostracized. Not a vote would be cast for him were he a candidate for reëlection, and the demands for his resignation will grow in volume. Indeed, it will be surprising if there is not an effort made in the Legislature to pass a resolution asking for it. Against his colleague, the feeling is not so bitter, perhaps because he is physically feeble, perhaps because his character has been better known. For years past, Platt's sale of legislation has been understood and his personal reputation has been pretty clearly fixed. Yet his recent testimony before the Insurance Committee has branded him more deeply than ever. He stands self-revealed as blackmailer and corruptionist. But he and Depew will, as the *Independent* says, "continue to misrepresent New York at Washington"—unless they resign, and this, it thinks, cannot be expected.

The tide of indignation is running against them more strongly than ever. It is impossible to believe that they can expect anything more than the most frigid reception at the White House. Even in the Senate they cannot look for condonation. There are, it is true, other Senators who are by no means angels of light; but there are many like Spooner of Wisconsin, Crane of Massachusetts, and Nelson of Minnesota, to mention only a few of their party associates, who must feel themselves humiliated by association with the Senatorial representatives of New York. Of course, it will ill become men like Dick of Ohio and Alger of Michigan to throw stones. Senator Fulton of Oregon will not desire to figure as a great purist. Senator Dryden might be excused for a little of that feeling which makes us wondrous kind, and the silver and gold Senators of the West will doubtless not be over-interested in the presence or absence of Messrs. Platt and Depew. Such men as these will not be found to have very much more sympathy for Boies Penrose, the Harvard graduate, the man of family and means, who has chosen for his political bedfellows the basest of the Philadelphia ring, with the result of being repudiated by Roosevelt, Root, and all the national leaders. Penrose has sinned against the light. His political extinction is clearly foreshadowed and cannot be delayed much longer. Even in the Senate there should be possible at least a measure of social ostracism. Influence on pending matters? Platt, Depew, and Penrose will be without any. But it is none the less desirable that they should be made to realize how obnoxious is their personal presence.

In this way the Senate can not only help to raise its own tone, but be of service to both Pennsylvania and New York. That the time has come for a change, the elections have made quite plain. The people have emphatically proclaimed their desire for better men in public life. Moreover, the Senate at its present session welcomes for the first time several members who give every promise of honorable service and marked usefulness. Senator Brandegee of Connecticut is expected to reflect credit on his *alma mater*, Yale, and his State. William Warner of Missouri comes with the hearty endorsement of Gov. Folk and his friends and neighbors. Reëntering public life after a long retirement, he is free from entangling alliances, and may be counted on to help uplift the Senate. Another man who should contrast markedly with the oil-and-sugar Senators is Burkett of Nebraska. His endorsement by popular vote was a notable tribute to his character. Isidor Rayner of Maryland, too, has won his spurs before taking his seat. His denunciation of the Gorman constitutional amendment to limit the suffrage not only helped to defeat that infamous proposal, but stamped him a man of ability, courage, and convictions. From La Follette of Wisconsin his admirers expect great things—even an assault upon the Presidency—provided he can decide whether to be lecturer, Senator, or Governor. In short, the new recruits are a promising body—in the main, men of force and individuality, and are not to be written down merely as representatives of railroads, the protected interests, or the Trusts. The outlook, therefore, is distinctly encouraging. But this should only stimulate effort to free the Senate from those whose corruption or surrender to corporate interests has too long stained the reputation of a great legislative body.

MR. JEROME AND THE JUDGES.

"For casting a disdainful glance at the judge of the Supreme Court of Darmstadt, the public executioner has been fined £4." That minor news item of the day has its resemblances to what has been said in this city since Mr. Jerome's speech about our Supreme Court judges. He has not been fined for his disdainful glance, but he has been well lectured. He has been accused of vague railing. "Name names!" is the demand made upon him by those who profess sudden ignorance of what judges he really means. Mr. Jerome has been taken aside by kind but firm mentors of the press and told that he has been reckless, has grossly exaggerated, and has done more harm than good. Judge Parker, in a gallant sortie *pro domo suâ*, comes forward to pay a compliment to the existing judges, which he immediately makes left-handed by expressing the hope that "bold and vigorous effort" will be made to "strengthen the bench."

Really, the surprising thing about all this is that there should be any surprise. The facts which were alluded to by Mr. Jerome are known to all. They have been set forth in sworn testimony. True, the District Attorney violated a comfortable precedent by blurting out in public what thousands of lawyers have whispered in club-corners. He does not keep his indignation purely for private consumption. Seeing where the body politic is ailing, he rudely and openly strikes his hand upon the spot. Now, this very abandon of honesty and fearlessness is one of the things that make Mr. Jerome strong. But he would be the last man to imagine that his assertions disclose a great discovery. It is an old and twice-told tale. Go back no further than the report of the Committee on the Law's Delays last year, and you will find the thing set down in cold type—"the aggression of politicians upon the courts, and the baleful practice of political contributions by judicial candidates."

Memories are getting to be, we know, as evanescent as last year's snow, but even so we are amazed at the forgetfulness of Mr. Jerome's critics. Is the report of the Mazet Committee of 1899 so soon swallowed in oblivion? In that public document, hundreds of pages are taken up with an exposure of the methods of nominating and electing judges in this city. The system there revealed is precisely that which provokes Mr. Jerome to wrath. It is a compound of

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commercialism and political corruption. Supreme Court judges have been, as a rule, put in nomination, not by their brethren of the bar, not by representatives of the vast commercial interests of New York, but by ignorant and venal politicians, to whom, as Mr. Jerome averred, judges themselves have had to go with bated breath and whispered humbleness. And with this disgrace has gone the added disgrace and danger of "campaign assessments"—to put it baldly, payment for a nomination—long averaging $10,000 for each judicial candidate. The whole shameful and perilous system was fully laid bare, yet Mr. Jerome is a loose-tongued fellow to cry out against it!

Mr. Croker was the blunt exponent, before the Mazet Committee, of the Tammany theory of judicial office, and there can be no doubt that it is Murphy's, too. Here is Croker's true account of the fitness of a judge—he must be "acceptable" to the inner ring of Tammany:

"Q. The organization also discusses the candidates for judicial positions, does it not? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. And for judicial positions in all the courts, whenever there is an election? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. And the gentlemen who are selected to run on the Democratic ticket for judicial offices are gentlemen who are acceptable to the executive committee and the advisers of the Tammany organization, are they not? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. Naturally so? A. Yes, sir."

This was entirely borne out by Judge Barrett's frank and illuminating testimony. He was asked if he thought Croker had any qualification whatever to make him the arbiter of judicial character, and replied, with significant evasion: "I should say, if the Constitution and laws and customs permitted it, I should prefer to leave it to Mr. James C. Carter." The contrast between brutal dictation with venality and the free choice of the bar could not well be made more pointed.

We must quote also Croker's testimony about judicial assessments, confirmed as it was by the examination of judge after judge:

"Q. And have not judicial candidates paid contributions to the organization or to its representatives, amounting to $10,000, $15,000, $18,000 sometimes? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. How much have they paid? A. I could not tell you that. Nothing like what you say.
"Q. Never? A. Well, they might fifteen or twenty years ago.
"Q. But how about recent times? A. In recent times they have not.
"Q. Have they paid as much as $8,000? A. Probably they have, seven or eight."

Probably Mr. Croker would have fully agreed with Judge Truax, who elegantly expressed the opinion that if a judicial candidate gave $5,000 to a politician, "he ought not to squeal." But, in addition to the monetary consideration, Tammany expects a further *quid pro quo*. What it is, Mr. Croker explained:

"Q. They [its judges] must appoint their subordinates, as a true member of the party should? A. They should do it, yes, sir. They do not always do it, but they should do it.
"Q. And Tammany Hall expects them to do it? A. Expects them.
"Q. (Continuing). If they take her nomination, does it not? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. In all matters of patronage, they should consider the organization, should they not? A. First, yes, sir.
"Q. Even in the appointment of referees? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. And you think that the judges should appoint as referees men who are in line with the Tammany organization? A. All things being equal they should, yes, sir. They should give them the preference."

Yet Mr. Fox has been blamed for saying that he would not have felt safe in taking his motion to open the ballot-boxes before certain Tammany judges!

Mr. Jerome, then, accurately described existing conditions. The question simply is whether we are to be indignant at the conditions, or at him for portraying them. It is not a mere arraignment of present evils that he made; he is looking forward to the future, is anxious to stir up a sentiment which will make impossible the sale or bargaining of judgeships next year. As he said, the politicians are getting their judicial "slates" ready; would-be candidates are doubtless grovelling before powerful district leaders; many an unfit man is, in the expressive Western phrase, "out for the ermine." But to stop this nefarious and threatening business, Mr. Jerome appeals to the Bar Association, to lawyers everywhere, and to decent citizens in general. That is the real point, and we must not lose sight of it. Jerome is at one with Judge Parker in that. Having done well to be angry, New York must see to it that the causes of her wrath at incompetent and suspected judges are removed.

MAMMONIACAL POSSESSION.

As we learn more from the failures of a great man than from the successes of a little one, so the letter of Col. Mann's which was put in evidence on Saturday is rich in reproof and instruction. In fact, we have not met with a more illuminating philosophy of great wealth. The Colonel, our readers may know, is prosecuting *Collier's Weekly* for criminal libel, that periodical having charged him with blackmailing, in *Town Topics*, various rich and vulnerable notabilities. By way of justification, the *Weekly's* counsel produced a letter from Col. Mann to the gentleman in charge of 'Fads and Fancies,' instructing him minutely how to approach a succession of millionaire "victims," who were to be wheedled, flattered, bamboozled, or frightened into paying $1,500 or so for inclusion in that delectable publication.

The list of names was long and laughable; many of our richest and proudest have had the pleasure of seeing themselves reckoned in with this Blackmailable Four Hundred. For it is the underlying idea of the precious letter that great riches necessarily mean great gullibility. Col. Mann and his allies seem to have acted upon that presumption with the utmost confidence. As practised miners in the under-world of millionairedom, they had not the slightest doubt that, wherever they could manage to sink a shaft, they would strike pay dirt—dirt, in this conception, making pay certain. Their philosophy of action was apparently something like this: "Very rich, therefore easily fooled. A financial magnate, hence vain and silly. Having great possessions, consequently a prey to toadies, sponges, and blackmailers. *Richesse oblige*—which means that it obliges the rich man to surrender to every impudent cozener that comes along."

To what financial results Col. Mann might be able to point as a practical demonstration of his theory, we naturally do not know. He wrote of a gratifying "contract" with Senator Dryden, which shows that he knew how to play upon opulent vanity in at least that case. Others, we read, were trying to "creep out" of their agreements to join the collection of sensitive plants in 'Fads and Fancies'; no mercy was to be shown them, and we hope none was. But the significant thing is the assurance with which the Colonel passed in review name after name of the most expensive, and calmly assumed that they were all "easy marks." There were our hardest-headed men of business, our keenest speculators, our grimmest promoters, our coolest brokers, our most matter-of-fact railroad and insurance men—all classed as ready dupes of a transparent bunko game.

How can such things be? Does the shrewdness which goes to the amassing of money inevitably become folly in its spending? Why could Col. Mann count so safely upon finding so large a proportion of gulls among the men of great wealth? Well, we cannot profess to have penetrated the mystery. There is evidently a world of folly behind Col. Mann's letter, but only those privileged to live in it can realize it. Lord Derby said at dinner one day: "One never knows what a lot of fools there are in England until one becomes Prime Minister." Thereupon up spake his private secretary, Sir Patrick Talbot: "Yes, and one never knows what a fool a Prime Minister may be until one becomes his private secretary." "Thank you, Pat," said Lord Derby. It is this kind of mutual knowledge from the inside which animates the Mann letter, and to which those unhappily far from the emerged tenth cannot pretend. Still, in our outside and envious way, we seem to be able to make out certain human motives which help to explain the conduct of such people as those whose names Col. Mann handled so freely.

Many of them, obviously, are new to gilded society, and at a loss how to bear themselves therein. Hence the chance of

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the sharper who offers himself as their mentor. They feel that their wealth compels them to a certain ostentation, and, knowing little of rational methods of expenditure, not being collectors of books or paintings, which only bore them, they fall easily into the hands of a guide to showy publicity. He has only to tell them that "all the parvenus" are going into his little game, and their gregarious instinct does the rest. "We fought in 'Fads and Fancies,' and you were not there!"—so would they render King Henry's reproachful message, doubtless with his added, "Go hang yourself!" They think that they must be important, having so much money; and interesting, with so many to fawn upon them; and so they readily give ear to an insinuating tongue which suggests a way of informing the public that they are important and interesting. Hence the whole vast array of books about 'Successful Men,' etc., of which 'Fads and Fancies' was only the daring climax. What the schemers have to play upon is a sort of huge delusion in this class of wealthy people—mammoniacal possession, it might be called. It makes its victims subject to all kinds of strange attack and seizure, enormously inflaming their vanity, exaggerating their native silliness, and blinding them to the snares openly spread at their feet.

We know of no Society for Improving the Condition of the Helplessly Rich. Satirists have proposed such a thing, but satire has never been able to bring to earth very much rich folly as it flies. It has been said that no number of stripes laid soundly upon a donkey's back will turn him into a zebra. Concrete exposure of our martyrs to Mammon, a sudden consciousness on their part that every man of sense is laughing at them, will do them more good than all the preachers and satirists; and Col. Mann's letter will be for many of them like a nail fastened in a sure place.

"GOOD-WILL" AS AN ASSET.

The strictness with which the courts of New Jersey interpret and enforce the "liberal" corporation laws of that State is illustrated by the recent decision of Vice-Chancellor Pitney in the case of See *v.* Heppenheimer *et al.* (61 Atlantic Reporter, 843). To the economist and the practical financier, as well as to the lawyer, the opinion of the court is of great interest.

About Christmas, 1892, certain gentlemen, one of them a savings-bank official, and another a prominent lawyer of this city, organized in New Jersey the Columbia Straw Paper Company, to take over a number of paper mills upon which options had already been secured. These options were to cost the promoters some $750,000 in cash and $2,250,000 in stock of the newly formed company, which had an authorized share capital of $4,000,000. This plan would seem to have left a comfortable margin for promoters' profits, but it had the drawback of calling for $750,000 of cash, a commodity in which promoters dislike to deal. It was deemed advisable, therefore, to issue $1,000,000 of mortgage bonds, which furnished the cash needed to purchase the plants, provided a working capital of $200,000, and left a balance of $50,000 as compensation for the eminent counsel—also a promoter—who conceived the brilliant plan. Of the surplus stock not needed to purchase the mills, some $600,000 was given away as a bonus with the bonds; and the remainder, doubtless, went to that bourne from which no stock returns after the dummy directors conclude their session. It was a small affair, of course, when compared with t' companies of straw and paper organized in the palmy days of 1900 and 1901. But a fairly neat job had been pulled off, nevertheless; for the promoters had bought a large part of the bonds, ar now held a first mortgage on the property of those mill owners who had taken their pay in stock.

The history of this company is briefly told. Having secured control of most of the straw-paper mills, it proceeded to raise the price of the product from $20 to $28 per ton; and thereby stimulated competition, which, together with bad management, brought the organization into bankruptcy in the space of two years. Then came a receivership, and a foreclosure sale which did not yield enough to cover the debts of the company. Thereupon the receiver brought suit against the promoters, alleging that they had received stock without having made payment therefor, in either money or property; and contending that they were liable for such a proportion of their unpaid stock-subscriptions as might be needed to satisfy the debts of the company.

In defending the suit, the promoters argued that the stock of the Columbia Straw Paper Company had been issued in payment for property taken at an honest and reasonable valuation; and that the difference between the sums paid for the mills and the $5,000,000 of stock and bonds issued by the combination represented the "good-will" of the company as a going concern. Good-will, we all know, has long been held to be "property" within the meaning of the law; and what could be more reasonable, at a time when Christmas bells were proclaiming "good-will to men," than that New Jersey promoters should have injected copious supplies of good-will into the capitalization of a business corporation?

But Chancellor Pitney was unable to take this view of the case. In a review of the proceedings which must have made "eminent counsel" wince, he declared that the good-will argument had been sadly overdone. He found that the cash and stock paid to the owners of the paper mills had fully covered the good-will of those mills as going concerns; and that the newly organized corporation, not yet being a going concern, had not acquired any good-will for which stock could be issued. The promoters, to be sure, argued that the combination expected to make large profits by raising the price of its product from $20 to $28 per ton; but the Chancellor ruled against them. Prospective profits, he said, expected to arise from one's ability to suppress competition, are like the chickens the milkmaid expected to hatch from the eggs bought with the proceeds of the milk she was carrying upon her head. Equally unfeeling was his reply to the argument that similar methods of capitalizing corporations are commonly employed. Very true, said the Chancellor, but such practices have "brought obloquy upon our State," and are not warranted "by anything in our statutes or the decisions of our courts."

Best of all is the Chancellor's reply to the pitiful plea that the valuation, whether erroneous or not, had been made "in good faith." He showed that properties worth not more than $1,500,000 were capitalized at $5,000,000 by men who manifested their confidence in the future of the concern by taking first-mortgage bonds in payment for all the actual money which they put in, and accepted the stock merely as a bonus which might later be sold to the public for what it would bring. Here again the ears of "eminent counsel" and others must have tingled, as they heard or read the words of the Court. It was the desire and intention, the judge declared, to sell the shares "for more than they were really worth," and herein "lies the intrinsically fraudulent character of these transactions." He even observed that the matter was in no wise bettered by sending a board of dummy directors, consisting mostly of the employees and partners of the "eminent counsel," over to Hoboken to approve the fraudulent valuation in formal meeting. Corporations, he declared, should have "competent and independent" boards of directors to act in the interest of the future stockholders, and not of the interested promoters. In fact, he pronounced the entire contract by which the promoters sold the mills to a board of dummy directors, "a palpable fraud on the act of the Legislature."

This decision leaves one with mingled feelings of delight and consternation. If promoters cannot, under the New Jersey law, capitalize the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow or the gold brick described in the confidential circular, what, in Heaven's name, is to become of the promoting business? Furthermore, if the judgment of a dummy director is not to be accepted as final, how

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are eminent financiers, as buyers, to make valid contracts with themselves, as sellers? And finally, if fraudulent capitalization approved by bogus directors can involve a five-million-dollar concern in so much trouble, what would happen if a billion-dollar corporation should ever get into difficulty? But these, after all, are questions of to-morrow; to-day it is enough to rejoice in the good sense and sterling honesty of Judge Pitney's decision in See *v.* Heppenheimer *et pals.*

A DYING RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

The abolition of close communion in the Baptist denomination was announced in the New York papers a few days ago. People who are familiar with the polity of the Baptists are aware that this statement in unqualified form is far too sweeping. At a recent meeting of representatives of three national organizations—the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, the American Baptist Missionary Union, and the Baptist Publication Society—resolutions were passed which in effect declared that the doctrinal difference between the "Free" and the "Strict" Communionists was no bar to united action. Such a declaration, however, is binding only upon those who accept it. The Baptists are locally independent in the most rigid acceptation of the term; and those congregations which choose to hold to close communion may do so in spite of all resolutions and conventions. The incident, however, has its significance, not merely for Baptists, but for all who watch the dying controversies over dogma; for the bitter disputes between the "Strict" and the "Free" Communionists are typical of the quarrels which have rent Christendom into hundreds of warring sects.

Baptists differ from other Protestants —broadly speaking—in rejecting the validity of infant baptism and in holding to the doctrine of immersion. No organized body holding Baptist principles can be found before the first half of the sixteenth century—the Reformation period, in which the discussion of minute distinctions of creed raged so furiously. The Baptists, like other major divisions of the Protestant Church, have split and split again, until in this country we have, or have had, eight or ten minor organizations, such as the Six-Principle Baptists, the Seventh-Day Baptists, the Anti-Mission Baptists, and the Free-Will Baptists. The question of admitting to the communion of the Church Christians who do not subscribe to the strict doctrine of the sect, is an old one. John Bunyan himself, the greatest man whom the denomination has produced, was inclined to be lenient on this point, and in consequence he was acrimoniously attacked by more thoroughgoing Baptists. It was an age in which billingsgate was regarded as a legitimate weapon in religious argument. Not until the eighteenth century, however, was there a formal organization of Free-Communion Baptists—made up partly of persons who had been converted by the preaching of Whitefield. In 1841 the Free-Will and the Free-Communion Baptists coalesced. The main body of the denomination, from which these two offshoots sprang, has nominally adhered to Strict Communion, though in recent years the topic has been but little agitated, especially in the North, and individual churches have tacitly abandoned the old policy. These facts would be hardly worth chronicling here and now, were it not that this movement within the limits of the sect itself is a sort of epitome of the whole movement of Protestantism. First, separation; then realization that the disagreements relate to non-essentials; then coöperation in religious work; and finally union. Of course, we do not mean to say that the Protestant sects have actually united, but the conference *in this city last month—in spite of* the bar against Unitarians and Universalists—is a public declaration that differences of creed are small matters.

The long debate between the Strict and the Free Communionists was carried on according to the most approved methods of theologians, whether Calvinists, Arminians, Antinomians, or Erastians. Here also was the eternal conflict writ small. We have to begin with the marshalling of all the Scripture texts which can by any possibility be interpreted as bearing directly or indirectly upon the point; next, a series of deductions from these premises, each of which is treated as an inspired statement of exact truth, from which the logical inference should be as unvarying and inevitable as in mathematics; thirdly, the appeal to precedent and the practices of the apostles and the fathers; and finally the appeal to passion and denominational prejudice. There has been abundant heat, and, as is usual in these contests, too little light. Of sweetness, none. For example, the Strict Communionists used to assert roundly that all they were asking was a rigid adherence to the commission of Christ; that deviation from it was an ignorant and craven yielding to modern error, not—as the misguided and sometimes malignant Free Communionists maintained—an act of charity and Christian wisdom. One of the great champions of open communion was that eloquent English divine, Robert Hall, who is said to have preached when eleven, and who died in 1831. His writings on the subject served as an armory for half a century. He, it is true, rose above the low level of partisan rancor and the *odium theologicum.* Nothing could be better in tone than the solemn words with which he closes his 'Reply to the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn':

> "When the Spirit is poured down from on high, he will effectually teach us that God is Love, and that we never please him more than when we embrace with open arms, without distinction of sect or party, all who bear his image."

But such passages in this, as in all other religious controversies, are pathetically rare. Fruitless wrangling over the meaning of the original Hebrew and Greek, savage assaults upon character, the imputation of base motives, shocking exhibitions of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness—these have been the stigma by which for centuries men have instantly recognized the utterances of professed followers of the Prince of Peace. That a change is coming, none can doubt. One reason is the growth of toleration in all matters of opinion; another is that thousands of Christians do not care enough about their theology to offer in behalf of it even the feeblest and most amiable defence.

ERNESTO MASI'S LATEST BOOK.

ROME, October 27, 1905.

The reputation of Ernesto Masi as an historical essayist has been so long established that the Italian reading-public is by this time well habituated to regarding the appearance of a work from his pen as a noteworthy event. Masi is old enough to have a vivid personal recollection of men who took part in the Italian *Risorgimento*, while on the other hand his literary activity is sufficiently distant from those scenes to enable him to view them in historical perspective. In addition to these accidental advantages, he has acquired by his own industry an erudition which his art does not always conceal, and has been gifted by nature not only with sympathetic insight into human motives and character, but also with fineness of tact and soundness of judgment in estimating their development and influence in the world of events and action. In fact, it is not often that one sees an historical writer maintaining his course so warily and securely, equally remote from partisanship and apathy, through such a devious maze of intrigue and conspiracy, of dark and violent deeds and passions, as mark the long struggle for Italian independence. His warm Italian patriotism does not prevent his seeing some right and reason in the Congress of Vienna; and his just contempt for clerical government in the Roman States leaves him quite willing, and even anxious, to lift a part of the load of infamy under which historians have oppressed the name of Gaetano Moroni, the upstart minister of Gregory the Sixteenth.

Following previous studies by Masi of the period of the *Risorgimento*, such as 'La Monarchia di Savoia' and 'Il Segreto del Re Carlo Alberto,' besides charming treatises on other epochs of Italian literary and political history, there has recently appeared his latest book entitled 'Nell' Ottocento: Idee e Figure del Secolo XIX.' This consists partly of long and elaborate historical essays, such as those on the Revolution of 1848 and on Count Cavour and Italian Unity, and partly of short personal

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and critical sketches, such as those of Gregorovius, Tolstoy, and Leo the Thirteenth. These various tractates, though of necessity disunited, are not without historical continuity—a fact which encourages me to write the present connected review.

Beginning with an essay which bears the title of "Epigoni e Precursori," Masi observes that the Italian literature of the old style finished in the eighteenth century with Metastasio, although during his lifetime the new literature of the national revival in Italy had already begun with Goldoni, Parini, and Alfieri. Only Alfieri, however, was completely representative of the new era.

"In 1769, at Vienna, in the imperial gardens of Schoenbrunn, he had seen Metastasio bow to the Empress Maria Theresa with the slight genuflexion then in vogue. This was enough. Alfieri, a youthful enthusiast of the school of Plutarch, disdainfully refused the acquaintance of the elder poet. If this had ever come to the ears of Metastasio, he would probably have pitied him for an idiot."

And so, although the reformer, the "new man," already appears in Parini, the *uomo nuovissimo* is first to be seen in Vittorio Alfieri.

"Nor will it profit us," continues our author, "in studying Alfieri and his work, to distinguish, and even to make separate, in his personality, the man, the thinker, and the poet, after the fashion of the most recent and authoritative critics. Man, thinker, and poet fulfil each other in Alfieri, and, in my opinion, explain each other in turn. A whole political and revolutionary literature—the literature, namely, of our national revival—dates back to him, precisely because he reëmbodied in himself that unity which had for centuries been broken, the unity of man, thinker, and poet, of individual, patriot, and man of letters."

In the chapter entitled "The Congress of Vienna and Italy," Masi contends that, in spite of the scandalous lives they led at the Austrian Court, and in spite of their apparent cupidity and utter disregard of national feelings, the members of that famous convention were really actuated by a profound moral purpose, the purpose of securing for distracted Europe a lasting peace and stability of tenure. And Europe, as a whole, did, as a matter of fact, enjoy substantial peace for fifty years after their deliberations. He also points out that this congress made the first attempt to determine the actual rights of ownership of the various European States, and to place these rights under the guaranty of the greater Powers. In other words, we have here the first appearance of the European Concert, although this term was first officially used in the Treaty of Paris of 1856. Dispatching with reluctance so important a study in so brief a résumé, I must also content myself with one citation from the admirable account of "The Secret Societies in Romagna and the Revolution of 1831." Masi first expresses his regret that, having in his youth known intimately a number of political conspirators, he did not take some notes of their conversation, though he retains a vivid recollection of a kind of sadness which they showed even in their cheerful moods; of their fixed, vigilant, and suspicious looks, and of their stories, which always left something in the dark; of their anxious scrutiny of every new person they met, their constant finding of hidden meanings even in apparently the most indifferent utterances; and, above all, of the hatreds and loves, alike unquenchable, which they entertained of persons and things long past.

"But," he asks himself, "although this type has now disappeared, have the moral habits and inclinations which vicissitudes of a certain kind sometimes impress on the character of a people, also disappeared? I think not. Moreover, it seems to me that the manner in which liberty is understood and employed by many Italians to-day, that close adherence to parties, which are now rather personal than political, that feeble readiness to abdicate the free exercise of one's own judgment in the face of any bold personification of vanity, are in great measure the product and final putrefactions of habits engendered by conspiracy; with this bad difference to be added, however, that the grand patriotic ideal by which the intrinsic vices of conspiracy were ennobled and condoned, that disinterestedness and self-abnegation—that constancy under suffering, that spirit of sacrifice which sometimes rose to heroism—have yielded place to egoism, to vulgar ambition, and to the most ignoble self-seeking."

The caption "The Revolution of 1848" covers a series of five essays, of which the longest and most important have for their subjects "Pius IX. and the Beginning of the Revolution," and "Pius IX. and Pellegrino Rossi." Of these fascinating studies I shall find it hard indeed to convey to the reader any adequate conception. But herein I shall make my task easier by emphasizing at the outset two lines of argument that run through both of them, and give them unity of conception and treatment in all the devious paths they are compelled to follow. First, Pius IX. was, unwillingly indeed, but necessarily in consequence of his peculiar character and position, the man who finally started the Italian *Risorgimento*, after many aberrations and vicissitudes, upon a consistent and uniform course. Secondly, Pius IX., after his flight to Gaeta, was essentially the same man as Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, the "liberal" bishop of Imola. There is nothing in the apparently violent contradictions in his career that cannot be explained by the constantly changing coefficient of the conditions in which he found himself. I do not mean to say that these ideas are entirely new, but I believe that they are given an entirely new force and value by Masi's masterly treatment.

Pius IX., was, as Gioberti said, a mediocre man in every respect—in intellect, in culture, and even in goodness. It is plain that he never foresaw the results, remote or proximate, of his actions. Having out of mere kindness of heart pronounced the word of pardon to all political offenders, he was carried away on a wave of popularity, which, for its suddenness and widespread intensity, is perhaps unexampled in history; and for his charity and benevolence let him receive all honor. But that his act was dictated no more by heroic virtue than by far-sighted statesmanship is abundantly proved by the fear and distrust with which he soon began to regard the revolutionary ruin that his weak hand had precipitated. These strange and moving events are illustrated by Signor Masi with a great wealth of historical learning and reflection. But modern historians should, much more than is their habit, seek their guiding maxims in Aristotelian writ. Sufficient to our present purpose comes one of the great philosopher's universal utterances, Γίνονται αἱ στάσεις διὰ μεγάλων ἀλλ' ἐκ μικρῶν: "Revolutions are brought about through great causes, but by small incidents."

Most readers of the story of Italy in the nineteenth century are, I suspect, made to see in the person of Pius IX. too violent an antithesis. Nor can it be denied that his career presents opportunities for contrasts of the most Macaulayese and tempting variety. He first appears prominently as the Bishop of Imola, of whom Gregory XVI. said that the very cats in his house were Carbonari; as the intimate friend of the humane and enlightened Count Pasolini, and so profoundly impressed by reading Gioberti's 'Primato,' Balbo's 'Speranze d'Italia,' and D'Azeglio's 'Casi di Romagna,' that, on setting out for Rome to attend the conclave of 1846, he put these books in his trunk to give to the new Pope, little dreaming that he had thus destined them for himself. His single word of pardon aroused that cry of "Viva Pio Nono!" with which the Two Sicilies rose against the Bourbons, Milan and Venice against the Austrians, and which was heard even on the barricades of Paris; with which the soldiers of Charles Albert crossed the Ticino, and the Swiss revolted against the Sonderbund. The Turk sends him ambassadors, heretical England sends a minister, Lord Minto, and Richard Cobden, the apostle of commercial liberalism; Daniel O'Connell, going on a pilgrimage to see him, dies on the way, and Jews kiss the hem of his garment as if he were their expected Messiah. In two years' time comes the allocution of April 29, which proclaimed to the world his desertion of the nationalist cause. For that this was Pius's own act cannot be doubted. It is true that he prepared a proclamation intended to soften the statements of the allocution, the proofs of which, if we are to believe Pasolini, were surreptitiously garbled by Cardinal Antonelli. But the retraction which thus failed of its object was due to fright at the enraged Roman populace and to the pressure of liberal friends. After making all due allowance for the influence of Jesuits and of obscurantist cardinals, we are forced to the conviction that when once he had perceived the trend of the revolution he had set in motion, he regarded it with horror and aversion. Even the best historians of that time, however, like Mr. Bolton King in his 'History of Italian Unity,' and more recently Mr. R. M. Johnston in his 'Roman Theocracy and the Republic,' deem it necessary to devote many pages to emphasizing the constitutional weakness of Pius and the malign power of the Jesuits, in order that the sudden transformation of a liberal into a reactionary Pope may seem less startling and violent.

But, in the sense of this term as commonly understood, Mastai-Ferretti was never a liberal at all. All through the discussions of his period there runs the same old fallacy of the ambiguous middle term, a source of error as continuous and insistent as if the Stagirite had never given his formal logic to the world. What do you mean by liberal? From the point of view of the Gregorian Curia, Cardinal Mastai was a liberal because he could see no harm in railroads, illuminating gas, and scientific conventions; and because he was horrified at the excesses committed by the Centurioni in Romagna. But he never made the first step towards the liberalism of Cobden and Bright, although, not unnaturally, the world was deceived into supposing that he was in full cry after them. One circumstance of the utmost importance,

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which Masi says he has never seen mentioned in but one history, and that one but little known, is that, whereas on the 16th of July, 1846, Pius proclaimed amnesty and pardon to all political prisoners, on the 18th of the same month he gave prizes and decorations to those who had distinguished themselves in putting down the liberal uprising at Rimini in 1845. As our author well puts it, Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti, the liberal of long standing, is a fiction on the one hand of the revolutionary partisans of his early papacy, who intended it as praise, and on the other of the Gregorian Sanfedists and Centurions, who intended it as a calumny.

The last half of Masi's volume contains, among others, essays on "Count Cavour and Italian Unity," and on "Newspapers and Contemporary History." But I must pause here. H. EDMISTON.

MLLE. DE L'ESPINASSE.

PARIS, November 11, 1905.

The relations of Madame du Deffand and of Mlle. de Lespinasse have been for a century an unfailing source of interest and a subject of discussion. Madame du Deffand has been severely blamed by many, and absolved only by a few. If we turn to her correspondence, we find proof that she engaged the services of Mlle. de Lespinasse on very definite terms, which were not adhered to by the latter. We know, besides, but only recently, the revelations made by M. de Ségur, that Mlle. de Lespinasse was the illegitimate child of a brother of Madame du Deffand, to whom she owed everything.

M. de Ségur has taken the subject again in hand, and has published several articles on it which will soon appear in a volume. He begins at the time when the rupture took place; when Madame du Deffand was justly angered, in our opinion, on finding that her protégée was slyly taking advantage of her blindness to draw away from her all her best friends and to make a salon in her own house. When Mlle. de Lespinasse was turned out (we can use no other expression) of the house of Madame du Deffand, she immediately started her rival salon in the near neighborhood of her protectress, and opened, in the language of a contemporary, a "boutique de bel esprit." We may judge of the difference of times by the price she paid for two stories in a house in the Rue St. Dominique—950 livres, besides 42 livres for the porter. It was, however, a considerable sum for her, as she had in all an income of but 3,592 livres. Her friends helped her to get some furniture—Hénault, Turgot, Madame de Châtillon, the Maréchale de Luxembourg, Madame Geoffrin. The last, who hated Madame du Deffand, her "bête noire," procured for her a pension, which was paid to her through Joseph de la Borde, the wealthy banker. M. de Ségur calculates that, thanks to the liberality of her friends, she had about 8,500 livres a year to spend.

She had hardly entered her new apartment when she fell ill with the smallpox. She was for a moment in peril, and David Hume wrote to his friend Madame de Boufflers: "Mlle. de Lespinasse is dangerously ill with the smallpox. I am happy to see that D'Alembert, in these circumstances, forgets his philosophy." The great mathematician took incessant care of her; he fatigued himself so much that he fell ill with a putrid fever, from which he was long in recovering. Julie de Lespinasse took care of him in her turn, and Marmontel wrote: "Whatever people may think or say, she constituted herself his nurse. Nobody thought or said anything but what was right about it." She persuaded him to take rooms in the upper part of her house, and from that moment, in the autumn of 1765, we find him comfortably settled in the house in the Rue St. Dominique, taking his meals with the person who for many years had held possession of his heart. Julie de Lespinasse said in a letter: "Nothing is of any importance when you are thirty years old and marked with the smallpox."

D'Alembert suffered with less patience the allusions and pleasantries of the world; he wrote to Voltaire: "I apprehend who has written you this impertinence [meaning Madame du Deffand]. It is better that people should write to you that I am in love than more atrocious falsehoods, of which they are entirely capable. They wished to make me ridiculous, but ridicule does not hurt me much." It was perfectly well understood after a time that the relation between D'Alembert and Julie de Lespinasse was purely platonic. Their communion was complete.

"They consult each other," says M. de Ségur, "about everything, and never act except in unison. All the affairs in which Julie is interested come under the eyes of D'Alembert, and are managed by him with jealous devotion; he receives her interest and invests her savings. Almost always, at least during the first years, they visit together; nobody thinks of inviting one without the other. When her eyes ache, which is only too often, she uses the hand of this sure confidant, and dictates from her bed, even sometimes from her bathroom."

M. J. Bertrand, the mathematician, points out in his 'D'Alembert' the importance of this collaboration.

Julie de Lespinasse was soon admitted to the famous Monday and Wednesday dinners of Madame Geoffrin, the "mother of the Philosophers," and became one of the principal stars at those reunions. She made friendships with Condorcet, Suard, the Chevalier de Chastellux, the Countess de Boufflers ("the idol of the Temple," as she was called, since her lover, the Prince de Conti, lived in the Temple), Madame de Châtillon, Hume. She was mixed up in the great quarrel between Hume and Rousseau, the details of which convulsed the whole society of Paris. She knew many foreigners of distinction, the Abbé Galiani, Creutz, Gleichen, the Marquis of Mora. Regarding the last personage, who inspired a violent passion in Julie de Lespinasse, M. de Ségur obtained unpublished documents from the Duchess de Villa-Hermosa, who inherited his papers. He belonged to the old and illustrious family of the Pignatelli of Aragon. Mora was only twelve years old when he received a brevet of officer in the Spanish army. He was married to a daughter of the Count of Aranda. The young woman died in 1764, after having given birth to two children. Mora was a widower at the age of twenty. He came to Paris and was attached to the Spanish Embassy. He made the acquaintance of Julie de Lespinasse in November, 1766; she paints his portrait in a letter to D'Holbach in these terms: "I must speak to you of what affects me at this moment, a new acquaintance of whom my head is full, and I would say my heart too, if you did not deny me a heart. . . . A face full of goodness and of *agrément*, which inspires confidence and friendship—a mild character, etc." She becomes very lyrical as she proceeds, and seems to have felt what the novelists call "le coup de foudre."

Mora was very shortly after recalled to Spain, where his parents offered him a second marriage with a Pignatelli, rich, handsome, a cousin of the Fuentés. He refused this tempting offer, intending to remain free. There is no evidence that he thought of Julie de Lespinasse at that time. After an absence of twenty months he returned to Paris; he was ill, and bore the germs of tuberculosis. When he found Julie de Lespinasse he fell in love with her, and she returned his affection with the most ardent passion. After a whole winter and the spring of 1768, Mora was obliged to return to Spain, but he would first pay a visit to Voltaire at Ferney, and he took with him a letter of introduction from D'Alembert. "His adieux to Julie were sad," writes M. de Ségur; "each of them knew that he was loved, each kept secretly the promise of absolute fidelity, each felt assured of a near meeting, even if the young colonel had to abandon his career." Mora seems, from that moment, to have entered into a formal engagement.

He did not remain long in Spain, but took advantage of the first opportunity to return to Paris. His sister was to be married to the Duke of Villa-Hermosa, who was detained in Paris by his functions at the Spanish Embassy. Mora conducted his sister to Paris; the marriage was celebrated in great pomp and lasted eighteen days. Mora and Julie de Lespinasse entered into the "lumincus phase" of their life, to use an expression of M. de Ségur's. Julie de Lespinasse wrote, several years after, to Guibert that Mora "alone had made her know what happiness was," that "he had taught her for a few moments all the worth that life can have." "I was beloved to a degree to which imagination cannot rise. All I had read before was feeble and cold in comparison with M. de Mora's sentiments." She spoke to all her friends of her own sentiments, and did not try to conceal them; she saw familiarly the relatives of Mora, with the exception of his sister, the Duchess of Villa-Hermosa. This exception was probably due to the fact that the Duchess did not consider Julie's passion for her brother purely platonic. M. de Ségur, however, is of opinion that it was, and draws some arguments from the correspondence which Mlle. de Lespinasse had with M. de Guibert, the man who, after the death of Mora, became her recognized lover. I confess that these letters have not made on me the impression they did on M. de Ségur. "It seems to me," she writes to M. de Guibert, "that I was uselessly *honnête* till I knew you. Never mind what I have been. I know that I have failed, that I have been untrue to virtue, to myself, and have lost my own esteem." And in another place: "I have become despicable only because I have loved you; you have doubted of my heart only because I have given it to you; and you have ceased to esteem me only because I have sacrificed my virtue for you."

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Marmontel speaks in his memoirs of the relations between Julie de Lespinasse and Mora, and insinuates that she played the comedy of love in order to be married to him; a younger brother of Mora afterwards told Madame Guibert that "they were engaged, and that the marriage would have taken place but for the infidelity of Mlle. de Lespinasse, followed by the death of my brother." It seems clear that Mora's family was afraid of the marriage. He received an order to join his regiment in Catalonia, and on his return to Spain was appointed General at the early age of twenty-two. He was ill; the doctors sent him to Valencia; his malady progressed rapidly; he suddenly took a resolution to go to Paris, and made the journey without stopping anywhere. He fell so ill that the doctors sent him to Bagnères, and he set out on the 7th of August, 1772. Julie de Lespinasse was to see him no more.

If Mora had been the only passion of Julie de Lespinasse, she would be a more interesting figure among the "grandes amoureuses"; but there is a second chapter in her history which follows the first in alarming proximity. She met, at the home of Watelet, a financier, a friend of D'Alembert, namely, M. de Guibert, a young colonel, a man of fashion, who was also a writer. She saw him for the first time on the 21st of June, 1772. Mora at this date was convalescent, and seemed out of danger. There was much talk at the time of a new book of Guibert's, 'General Essay on Tactics.' Julie de Lespinasse was of an enthusiastic turn of mind. "I have made the acquaintance of M. de Guibert," she writes to Condorcet; "he pleases me much; he has force and elevation; he resembles nobody." After Mora's departure, Guibert and Julie became more and more intimate; the story of their relations may be summarized in the headings of M. de Ségur's two closing chapters: "The Fault," "The Expiation." The absence of Mora, his painful malady, and finally his death, throw a dark veil over the new passion of Julie de Lespinasse. The eloquence of some of her love letters do not diminish the repulsion which must be felt for her character. Guibert was light, she was jealous, and suffered all the tortures of wounded affection. She died, after a painful illness, on the 22d of May, 1776. D'Alembert, her faithful friend, put her papers in order, and fell on the manuscript in which she told almost day by day the story of her love for Mora. Among the letters which he was charged to destroy, he did not find a single one from himself. He stood in the lowest rank of her affections, after "ten or twelve others," so he wrote to Guibert; adding that he had lost "sixteen years of his life" in her company.

Correspondence.

GLADSTONE AND THE CONFEDERATE COTTON LOAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I see that the charge against Mr. Gladstone of subscribing to the Confederate Cotton Loan is being revived. Mr. Gladstone most positively denied that charge, declaring that "it was not only untrue, but so entirely devoid of support in any imaginable incident of the case that he was hardly able to ascribe it to mere error, and was painfully perplexed as to the motives which could have prompted so mischievous a forgery." To revive the charge, therefore, is to assert that Gladstone deliberately lied.

Can any facts corroborative of the charge be produced? Is there anything to show that Mr. Gladstone directed the purchase of the stock to be made, or knew that it had been made for him and accepted it? That, like many good friends of the Republic, he doubted the policy of re-annexing the South, deeming union with Canada a wiser course, or that he did not think it clear that damages were due for the depredations of Confederate cruisers, will hardly be considered proof, even presumptive, of his having held Confederate stock.

The motive for the forgery I suppose was obvious enough.—Yours faithfully,

Goldwin Smith.

Toronto, November 28, 1905.

THE INTELLIGENT VOTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As an illustration of how our admirable system of universal suffrage works, let me relate what lately came to my notice.

In the recent election for mayor in Chicago the question largely turned on municipal ownership of street-car lines. The candidate who seemed mostly heartily in favor of the proposition was elected. The next morning a considerable number of lawful voters boarded street cars under the impression that thenceforth no fares need be paid, as all existing franchises and legal rights had been wiped out overnight. A few months later these same duly qualified voters selected judges. One of the candidates for the bench probably gauged correctly the intelligence of some of these duly qualified legal voters when he publicly promised that, if elected, he would issue no more injunctions under any circumstances.

The marvellous feature of it all is that everybody knows that similar instances are occurring daily in this country, and that everybody admits that any private business conducted on the principles of universal suffrage would go to smash within a week. And if such a private business were thus conducted and went to smash, every sane American could put his finger on the weak spot at once—in a private business, but not in public business.

This keenness and accuracy of the man in the street in reasoning about private business, coupled with his inability to reason sanely about public business, is the most curious psychological phenomenon in this country to-day. Our great-grandchildren will undoubtedly have some very interesting chapters to read when the future historian comes to treat of the present political obsessions of the people of the United States.

M.

THE NATIONAL DRAMA AND UNIVERSITY TOWNS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the much talking of late about the need of an endowed theatre for the encouragement of the higher drama, no mention has been made of one aspect of the question that is of special importance—the dearth of legitimate drama of any kind in our small university towns. And yet these communities, with their representation from different parts of the country of the student class, offer splendid opportunities for the adequate performance of standard plays. This has always been recognized in Germany, where special rates are given to students, but to our American managers a university town is simply a "one-night stand" of so many thousand inhabitants, and, as a rule, the cheapest performances are considered good enough for it.

No branch of English work has shown more marked advance in recent years than the study of the drama. Not only the classical works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are studied in all our larger institutions, but increased attention is being paid to the contemporary drama; and what is true of English is true in no less degree of French and German. In many cases, courses in the foreign drama are offered in English. Further proof of the active interest in the drama as a distinctive literary type is shown by the number of revivals of early English plays at different places.

Whether or not we are to realize the ideal of a national theatre, with annual provincial tours for the further spread of dramatic light, it is not unreasonable to hope that some of our leading managers may be induced to consider the claims of the university towns, thus providing the laboratory work in the drama that is essential to its proper study. A university population of three thousand ought to be able to satisfy the demands of the most exacting manager, and in the English department of each university will be found not one, but a dozen, advance agents, with an enthusiasm all the more convincing because of its sincerity.

Daniel Kilham Dodge.

University of Illinois.

Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish directly 'My Life: A Record of Events and Opinions,' by Alfred Russel Wallace.

Among the newer attractive reprints are Charles Lever's 'Charles O'Malley' and 'The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer,' both sightly volumes in emerald green, with Phiz's illustrations reproduced (Macmillan). The letterpress is condensed, but clear. More ornate, in dark green and gold covers, proceeding from the same firm, is Thackeray's 'Henry Esmond,' with an introduction by Austin Dobson and illustrations by Hugh Thomson. The work of these associates needs no fresh appraisal for the public that buys and enjoys books. Mr. Dobson discusses briefly the impeccability of Thackeray's Queen Anne English. His reference to Lowell's criticism of it is not quite exact. It was, we think, the construction "different *to*" which was held anachronistic. Trollope's Autobiography is neatly reissued in handy form by Dodd, Mead & Co., with an etched portrait of the novelist.

Very tempting externally are the five flexibly bound volumes for the side pocket of George Borrow's "Bible in Spain,' 'The Zincali,' 'Lavengro,' 'The Romany Rye,'

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and 'Wild Wales.' The paper is thinnish and the impression sometimes a little faint, but not to repel. The frontispieces include Borrow's portrait and some characteristic scenery of the several countries.

The "Red Letter Library" of H. M. Caldwell & Co., Boston, adds 'Stories by William Carleton,' and Bacon's 'Essays,' each portraited and prettily made. A smaller series with the same imprint and some daintinesses of its own gives us Daudet's 'L'Arlésienne' and Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl' in English.

Fourteen years ago Prof. William K. Brooks made a rational appeal to Marylanders on the subject of oyster culture, in the hope of reviving a decaying and contentious industry. His tract, 'The Oyster: A Popular Summary of a Scientific Study' (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press), failed, as he sorrowfully admits in his preface to a second and revised edition, to penetrate the ignorant conservatism of a State ruled hitherto by Gorman. However, in returning to the fray, he adds a chapter on the peril of the oyster as a vehicle of collection for cholera and typhoid germs, and perhaps this aspect will do something to help the economic reform.

The Vassar Brothers' Institute (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) has reprinted in facsimile the Debates and Proceedings of the convention of New York on the Federal Constitution. The form and style of [illegible] are those used in the original issue of 1788, and the paper is of a brown tint, to counterfeit the effect of time. So far as the mechanical effects are concerned, the pamphlet could not be improved. But in such a matter much more is required to make it really useful. The position of New York was of such importance, so much depended upon its decision and so able were the discussions aroused by the proposed form of government, that the convention itself was only a small part of the contest. The newspaper controversies called out some of the best writers and statesmen, and the Institute would have performed a worthy task in collecting these discussions and in bringing together the many letters of those who were engaged in the fight, and who measured and expressed the views of the different factions. What McMaster and Stone did for Pennsylvania should be done for New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia; not until then can the real history of the adoption of the Constitution be seized. As a reissue of a somewhat rare pamphlet, and as a contribution to the history of the Constitution, this reprint has its uses.

The feeling of surprise awakened by the general appearance of a volume entitled 'Tour of the Interparliamentary Union,' through the United States in 1904, is not diminished when it is seen to be an issue of the Government Printing-Office. Mr. Samuel J. Barrows is responsible for the compilation; there is no mention of the body or department responsible for the publication. As a subscription work, it might have had a large sale in the country districts; but as a serious production it is much below what might have been expected, and it is to be condemned on the score of good taste. The dignity of the Congress will be expressed in the Proceedings of the meetings of the Union; nothing is added to that dignity by this lengthy account of the rapid journey across the continent, plentifully padded with portraits of the guides and accompanying officials, the pictures of streets and buildings in various cities, and the trivial illustrations of "A Jolly Ride," "Ten Minutes at Topeka," or "Mr. Bartholdt backed by Niagara." The mere cost of printing such a volume, at an office where waste is notorious, is of public interest, for it represents an abuse in the appliion of the public money that has become so great as to call for drastic reform. No good excuse for the publication can be given; and the issue of such books as this and Michael's 'Declaration of Independence' brings discredit upon the Government publications, and hinders the appropriation of money for really useful and scholarly works.

Sixty-three colored reproductions of paintings made in southern Spain, Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, divers small drawings in black and white, and a text consisting of lucubrations on the Spanish and Moorish races, religions, histories, and destinies make up 'In the Track of the Moors,' by Sybil Fitzgerald (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The illustrations are by Augustine Fitzgerald. These two parts have only a geographical *connection*. The pictures, much the more satisfactory element, are often charming, although also at times very trivial in subject. Mr. Fitzgerald appears to have shrunk from attempting to render broad vistas, and to have felt his strength in corners of interiors and even collections of plants in gaudy pots. The accompanying pages contain some happy scraps on present-day Spain, showing real insight and appreciation. But in great part they are unsatisfactory meditations on Spaniards, Moors, gypsies, Berbers, their fates, types, and futures, their art, architecture, literature and sciences, their effects on one another and of the desert upon them—the problem, in fact, of East and West. There is much therein of interest and undoubted power of æsthetic and psychological discernment, but the basis of absolute fact is too much of the kind furnished by Sir Richard Burton and his like—reconstructions rather than history.

'Metrical Rhythm,' by T. S. Omond (Tunbridge Wells, Eng.: R. Pelton), a small pamphlet of 27 pages, is a criticism of William Thomson's 'Basis of English Rhythm,' reviewed in No. 2091 of the *Nation*. Its generalized flavor of approbation is liberally seasoned with particularized dissent. Embedded in it are not a few originalities, expressed in Mr. Omond's forcefully gentle manner of mild fairness. The most modest brochure is worth attention when it contains expressions such as: "In unfamiliar measures, syllables and time-beats must correspond closely, else we fail to catch the swing; in familiar ones there is no such necessity. It is a crude view of verse which supposes that word-accents must always synchronize with rhythm-accents, or syllables with time-beats." Or, "It cannot be too often repeated that in prosody we start from no fixed rules. We start with a large body of practice, the work of our best poets. We examine this, trying to discover the principles on which they worked. . . . If we can discover and truly state such principles, they may fairly be called laws of verse. . . . But if, after formulating a law, we find it habitually infringed by our best poets, no middle course is open. We must withdraw our formula, confess it erroneous, probably because modified by some other principle which we have omitted to take into account. If we are slow to do this for ourselves, others will do it for us."

We add to the series of Tamil textbooks already noticed in these columns the reprint of the Rev. Dr. G. U. Pope's 'Catechism of Tamil Grammar,' No. II. Its continued use for fifty years has proved its practical value as a manual of instruction. The 'Catechism' is intended to accompany the same author's 'Handbook' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde).

The Fifth Financial and Economical Annual of Japan, 1905, issued by the Department of Finance, and excellently printed at the Government Printing-Office in Tokio, is unusually rich in maps and diagrams ingeniously constructed and neatly colored. On a sheet 30x20 inches, representing the Japanese and adjoining Russian and Chinese Empires, we see at a glance the public and private railways, both proposed or completed, the routes of the steamship lines and the national boundaries. At the end is a folder giving a synoptical statement respecting the assignment of official business under the control of the Minister of Finance, with the details of executive, accountant, revenue and finance bureaus, and also of custom-houses, revenue inspection, and the monopolies of tobacco, camphor, salt, coinage, and experimental brewery. Ten full-page plates of colored diagrams show the relative proportion of revenue and expenditure, the national debt, and sources of revenue for the extraordinary expenses connected with the war; these last items occupying two-thirds of the space in the circles. The various loans, extraordinary special taxes and old sources of debt are also exhibited. Parallel bars of various tinting show strikingly the commercial, agricultural, manufacturing, and financial details of revenue and progress. There is a table of weights, measures and coins, with English and French equivalents. The text and tables, covering more than 200 pages, will richly reward the student of finance and economics. With Russia, Japan's late belligerent, trade relations have always been very slight. Despite warlike operations, the uninterrupted victories of Japan's naval forces, giving them control of the sea, changed the disastrous depression at the beginning of 1904 to unprecedentedly good results in Japan's foreign trade, especially with China and Korea, the increase in exports being over 10 per cent. and the imports about 17 per cent. Manufactured articles showed the greatest increase; silk alone to the amount of over $11,000,000, as compared with the preceding year, being exported. The unusually large amount of raw material imported in preparation for the war, and the large purchase from abroad of petroleum and sugar, in anticipation of the imposition of a consumption tax on those articles, explain the excess of imports. The historical and descriptive notes on the banking system, coinage, shipping and navigation are all eloquent of Japan's progress, founded as it is on sound economic principles and national industry.

The Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, without any preliminary announcement of his intentions, has started on a second expedition to Tibet and India. In this case

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his purpose is chiefly to investigate the headwaters of the Indus and the Bramaputra, also the great lake districts in Central Tibet. The total cost of the expedition will be at least 100,000 crowns, and this has been secured from King Oscar, a number of prominent merchants in Stockholm, and especially from the Dickson family in that city. The purposes of the journey are, however, not merely hydrographic, but also geological, meteorological and ethnographical. The English authorities in India have been instructed by the home authorities to aid the savant, and the King of Sweden has written to the Shah for safe conduct through the dangerous deserts of Eastern Persia. It is expected that fully a year and a half will be devoted to the work in hand, so that Hedin will again risk the rigors of a Tibetan winter in the interest of scientific research.

Dr. Walter von Knebel has just returned to Berlin from a four months' journey devoted to the investigation of the geology of Iceland, especially of the volcanoes, active and extinct. Notwithstanding the exceptionally inclement weather during the past summer in Iceland, his preliminary reports in the Berlin journals show that his investigations were very fruitful. Among other things, he has been able to prove various ice ages for Iceland. How disagreeable his journey was may be judged from the fact that on the 25th of July he was overtaken by a severe frost, and, with the temperature below freezing, was compelled to camp in the open. Dr. von Knebel brought with him a large number of photographs and some aquarelle sketches made by himself. The full reports of his researches will appear in the near future through the Stuttgart house of E. Schweizerbart.

The next great Arctic discovery, accordingt to Sir Clements Markham, in an address before the Royal Geographical Society, is in what is termed the Beaufort Sea, that part of the Arctic Ocean to the north of Alaska. The problem to be solved is whether it is part of the deep polar ocean or the continental shelf which borders it. In the latter case the existence of islands is more than probable. Sir Clements advocates the sending out of an expedition in the *Discovery*, the ship which did such good work in Antarctica, to be stationed for two winters at the mouth of the Mackenzie or on Melville Island, with a sufficient complement of men for three extended sledge and three depot parties. Their object should be to explore this unknown section of the continental shelf over the Beaufort Sea, as far as the edge of the Polar Ocean. Admiral Markham, in heartily commending the plan, called attention to the fact that it is thirty years since the last English Arctic expedition.

The latest development of the educational awakening in England is the proposal to establish an Oriental School in London. In four of the universities, instruction in the Indian vernaculars is given to candidates for the civil service, but no provision is made to meet the needs of the merchant, the barrister, the physician, or the engineer going out to the East. The case is very different in Germany, France, and Russia. In Berlin the Orientalisches Seminar, with an annual grant of $40,000, has the necessary buildings, a fine library, an admirably conducted journal and 228 regular and special students. The École Spéciale des Langues Orientales Vivantes in Paris has an income nearly as great, publishes a journal and a series of text-books, and has a well-selected library. But Oriental study is most fostered in St. Petersburg, being the fourth faculty at the University, with 27 professors and teachers of Eastern languages. An auxiliary college has been established at Vladivostok. The failure in Great Britain to meet the demands of its own empire is shown in the fact that, out of the 150 ancient and modern languages of India, there are professed teachers of only nine in the universities.

A correspondent writes from Paris: "Apropos of a statement at page 341 of the *Nation* for October 26, the Nobel peace prize has *always* been awarded by Norway, and the literature and science prizes *always* by Sweden. In fact, during the recent discussions between the two countries concerning the razing of the frontier fortresses on the Norwegian side of the border, Sweden twitted Norway with awarding the peace prize, and yet standing out for the preservation of these forts."

—The December *Harper's* opens with an account of the sack of Carthagena by M. de Pointis and his forces, in 1697, text and illustrations both by Howard Pyle. Edmund Gosse contributes a study of the epigrams of the early seventeenth century, necessarily barren, since an epigram to be successful must possess just what it cannot possibly receive from a period whose ear was "curiously little affected by neatness of finish and sharpness of sound." Professor Lounsbury pursues the question of authority in the use of English still further, considering in this number the linguistic authority of great writers. If people generally were in the habit of acquiring their morals from their magazine fiction, one might object strongly to Mary R. S. Andrews's story of "The Diamond Brooches," the natural effect of which is to make the reader feel like excusing such a little matter as the theft of five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, when the ultimate object is a trip to Florida in order to restore the health of a sick mother. Ex-President Cleveland writes on the integrity of the American character, rebuking the lapses now most in evidence with his usual force, but maintaining that the wounds which they have inflicted on our social and political life are not at all beyond hope of cure.

—Aside from its fiction, the Christmas *Scribner's* is marked chiefly by studies of Holbein and Bouguereau, contributed by Kenyon Cox and Frank Fowler, respectively. Of Holbein's portraits of the English period, Mr. Cox says: "The ablest painter out of Italy has deliberately set back the clock, and has reduced the art of painting, which he has been at so much pains to master, almost to the condition of mediæval illumination." The explanation, we are told, is to be found in the demands of his royal patron, Henry VIII. The taste of the court had been formed by certain Flemish miniaturists, and this unfortunate condition Holbein was powerless to alter. But, "even with his hands tied, he could still paint better than any one else." The art that conceals art, the skill that hides itself in its result, the mysterious perfection of surface, the inevitableness of the Greek gem seen in each composition—these are among the qualities that make him "one of the greatest—in some ways *the* greatest—of portrait painters." With Bouguereau, Mr. Fowler's aim is to show just why a seat among the greatest cannot be assigned to one who in evenness of performance, in entire mastery of himself and his technique throughout his career, has not his equal in the whole range of painting. Mr. Fowler is inclined to accept the theory often maintained in the field of literature, that too facile a mode of expression tends to beget paucity of thought. The artist's "fixed and stereotyped suavity of touch for all subjects and all textures" leads one to feel that "nowhere has this painter been stirred by one subject more than by another"; but truly great art comes only with deep feeling.

—Anybody interested in the theatre will find two articles of value in the *Atlantic*—an appreciation of Sir Henry Irving, by Talcott Williams, and a discussion of the question whether the theatre is worth while, by James S. Metcalfe. The answer to this question is, that the theatre might be made distinctly better worth the while if people were not so ready to patronize it entirely regardless of its desert. Bad entertainments are supported about as well as the good, and it requires much less brains and effort to provide them. "A judicious denial to it of the favors which have pampered it into an exaggerated idea of its importance in our lives, would be the best thing that could happen to the theatre to-day." Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Williams tells us, started with audiences educated in the conception of an actor as a man of physical presence and comeliness, given to the sonorous recitation of effective speeches, and by long effort taught them that the highest work of an actor is intellectual interpretation, not elocution and gesture. Through his work the time when people thought of a play as "a series of dramatic situations in which some one gifted actor, or at most an actor and an actress joined to him, presented characters conceived, acted, and admired, apart from their setting," is gone never to return. Prof. Kuno Francke writes of "German Ideals of To-day." The "Brotherhood of Nations" no longer appeals to the German, we are told, since he has had too many reasons to doubt the sincerity of those who talk most about humanity and the peace of the world. The word "Enlightenment," too, has no charm. Priceless as it is to the elect, it easily leads the masses to materialism and moral indifference. Freedom is good in its place, but the German Constitution already allows more of it, he thinks, than the great majority of individuals are capable of carrying. Nor will industrial progress and supremacy do, often "a fetish to which thousands of living beings are sacrificed, a cancerous growth preying upon the nation's health." Instead of any or all of these, he puts "social justice" forward as the political ideal of contemporary Germany, with social efficiency as the fundamental demand of the new education.

—Literature has certainly gained in bulk, if in nothing else, by the modern discovery that a great man's biography has never been really written, so long as there remains even one plausible point of view from which the subject has not been treated. Easy of abuse as this tendency is,

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however, we must not conclude too hastily that the *Century* has not something of genuine value in its study of "Lincoln the Lawyer," begun by Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill in the December issue. Mr. Hill's aim is to show the bearing of Lincoln's legal training and practice on his later career as a statesman. He admits that his legal career is without any antecedent explanation, since the only legal talent in the Lincoln family for generations back belonged wholly to a collateral branch. It may be the final conclusion that Lincoln's achievements are to be explained fully as much from the negative as from the positive elements involved. Positive advantages are good in their way, but, granting the right type of character to start with, there is no better sharpener of human wit than the necessity of securing ends without special advantages. Mr. Hill contemptuously discards that traditional copy of "the Revised Statutes of Indiana" as the immediate source of young Lincoln's legal aspirations, putting in its place the Boonville court, a fine example of our early Western judiciary in its fascinating excitement, its easy unconventionality, and its earnest and effective, if unpolished, oratory. Florence Brooks contributes a very interesting account of Paul Orleneff and his company of Russian players, who came to New York for the spring season, and have been so far successful as to warrant a more systematic campaign for the present season. Half-tones of Orleneff and Madame Nasimoff accompany the paper. Those who read Frank M. Chapman's account of "A Flamingo City," a year ago, will be pleased to find an equally intimate study of the Pelican in this issue, from material gathered at the noted pelican breeding place on Indian River, Florida. The brown pelican is, of course, referred to, since not even Mr. Chapman has as yet succeeded in breaking through the seclusiveness of the white variety.

—In the December *Popular Science Monthly*, Prof. John J. Stevenson again takes up the question of the status of American college professors, maintaining that the present tendency to subordinate them to the trustees and to the president is contrary to the real interests of educational progress. The trustees are successful men of business or professional life for the most part, with neither the time nor the expert knowledge necessary to administer wisely the internal affairs of an institution of learning. The president, once a good professor as well, must now be a successful business manager and money-getter, teaching little if at all, and, like the trustees, possessing neither the time nor the knowledge requisite to the sagacious exercise of the powers which are generally either sought by him or thrust into his hands under existing conditions. The trustees, then, should confine themselves strictly to the management of the property and the task of securing funds for the carrying out of such educational policies as the teaching force may advise. Even in filling vacancies in their own number, their action, he is inclined to think, should be subject to veto by two-thirds of the full professors. Vacancies in the faculty should be filled by the faculty itself, subject to confirmation of the trustees merely *pro forma*, or to rejection in case there are not funds available for the required salary. The presidency should be abolished altogether, each faculty selecting its own executive head, who should be simply *primus inter pares*, and the mouthpiece of the faculty in its relations with the trustees. It is noticeable that the editor of the *Monthly*, in a paragraph relating to the recent conference of college and university trustees held at the installation of the president of the University of Illinois, questions the theory that the recent rapid growth in the material endowment of colleges is the work of the presidency, and also suggests that, even if were, institutions are not always such centres of education, scholarship and research as their liberal endowments would lead one to suppose. It is only the great teacher and investigator, after all, who can impart anything but mere material greatness to an institution of learning.

—"Bibliography in Canada" is the title of a short paper contributed to the October number of *the Library*, by Mr. Laurence J. Burpee of Ottawa, in which he gives a varied survey of the bibliographical records of Canadian literature. The most important of these are M. Philéas Gagnon's 'Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne,' a catalogue of the compiler's own library; Dr. Henry J. Morgan's 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' of which a new edition is in preparation, and Mr. W. R. Haight's 'Catalogue of Books, 1791-1895,' with its annual supplements, of which, however, only two have been published, the one for 1897 not until this year! As a specimen of what an annual Canadian book catalogue should be, Mr. Burpee himself prepared one for 1901 for the Royal Society of Canada. The Transactions of that society contain not a little bibliographical material of value, such as the several lists of the yearly output in the subjects covered by its various sections, and an exhaustive bibliography of the publications of its members, in 1894, prepared by the late Sir J. Bourinot.

—The same number contains a short account of the meeting of the Library Association in Cambridge, by Mr. John Ballinger. Twenty-three years have lapsed since the previous meeeting there under the presidency of the late Henry Bradshaw. His successor as university librarian, Dr. Jenkinson, presided over this year's meeting, which had especial local significance, owing to the double half-century jubilee of the Cambridge Public Library and its librarian, Mr. John Pink. The most important matter before the Association was the report which was presented by Mr. Tedder, on behalf of the Committee on Public Education and Public Libraries. The report took the form of a series of resolutions which were adopted by the Association, with the addition of two paragraphs, proposed by Dr. Hill, the Master of Downing and President of the Home Reading Union. The resolutions as adopted contained such recommendations as, "that the public librarian should keep in touch with the chief educational work in his area; that conferences between teachers and librarians should be held from time to time; that there should be some interchange of representation between the Library and Education Committees."

—As an authority on Charles Lamb, M. Jules Derocquigny of the University of Lille caught our attention some time ago by his able though brief contributions to the new *Revue Germanique*. We now observe that he is responsible for an original study of real magnitude (pp. 415), entitled 'Charles Lamb, sa Vie et ses Œuvres' (in the new series of "Travaux et Mémoires de l'Université de Lille," 1904), which has gained him from the French Academy a share of the Prix Marcelin Guérin, and which must be adjudged a commanding position henceforth among critical interpretations of "Elia" and his period. It belongs, in fact, in the same high class as a number of other monographs on English men of letters produced within recent years in the universities of France, and testifying to the abundant success of scientific methods as there applied to problems of modern literature. In solidity, vigor, interest, and grace, and for the most part in sureness of touch, it is hardly surpassed even by a masterpiece like M. Legouis's 'La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth,' which it resembles in being a thorough and scholarly research moulded into the form of a popular introduction, and in having for its subject a foreign author presumably little known to the French laity. In France, we remark, the learned seem to regard popularization of scholarship as a function that concerns the social welfare; at all events, they do not relinquish it entirely to their second-hand dealers and dilettanteish literary jobbers, nor is their sense of responsibility satisfied by the preparation of annotated editions of an author's works. Accordingly, M. Derocquigny's book is in its way a nobler effort than either of the fine editions of Lamb, by Mr. Lucas and Mr. Macdonald, which are still agitating the reviewers here and abroad; and it represents perhaps an amount of labor equivalent to that of any commentator.

—Apparently M. Derocquigny has read everything available on Lamb, and he knows his Coleridge and his Wordsworth well. If he is a little less accurate in detail, and decidedly less careful about giving his references, than M. Legouis in the work mentioned above, that is rather to the credit of M. Legouis. M. Derocquigny's slips after all weigh light in the balance. On page 31 and elsewhere he adopts Lamb's spelling "Bowyer,' instead of the preferable *Boyer*. An English proofreader might have saved the book a good many petty disfigurements, such as "Soulb Sea" on page 40. The absence of an index, a similar indication of French origin, is a much more serious drawback to the use of the book. An occasional gratuitous inference, wholly unsupported by external authority, is likewise not uncharacteristic. Thus, on page 77, we learn that on Lamb's visit at Stowey in the summer of 1797, "Coleridge n'avait sans doute d'oreilles que pour Wordsworth, ne parlait que pour lui," and that "Wordsworth, dans son orgueil naïf, prenait son rôle de grand homme très au sérieux." Without some objective proof of this we remain *not* "sans doute" before so unsympathetic a picture. The positive merits of an important work like this would require an extended rehearsal. In every sentence M. Derocquigny has something to say. His estimate of Lamb ought to attract the most languid reader. Let us hope that his book will be translated into English as happily as M. Legouis's has been, with the illustra-

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tive passages from Lamb, Coleridge, Bowles, and the rest restored to their original form—in spite of all, they look a trifle odd in French—and with an adequate index.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW OF ENGLAND.

The Constitutional Law of England., By Edward W. Ridges. London: Stevens & Sons; Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905. Pp. xxxii., 459.

This book, if it had appeared some twenty-five years ago, before Anson and other writers had emphasized the vital difference between the law and the conventions of the British Constitution, would have been a noteworthy production. But in the year 1905 Mr. Ridges cannot claim to be more than at best an intelligent follower of authors of wider knowledge and considerably more speculative ability than he possesses. His book, we believe, may have a large sale; it may occasionally be useful to examiners, and will delight those examiners whose laudable ambition it is to have a little to say about every topic connected with the British Constitution. Whether to this estimable, though not very intelligent, class of persons the book will in truth be beneficial, is a question on which teachers who have seen much of examinations and of the victims thereof may entertain different opinions. A manual, however, which touches upon a large number of points belonging to, or at any rate connected with, the Constitutional law of England, suggests a few reflections which, if not novel, may still be worth making on a wellworn but inexhaustible topic.

First. No one who has not been a Cabinet Minister can conjecture what may be the actual authority of the Crown; and even a Prime Minister can form but a very doubtful guess as to what are the potential powers of an English King. That no outside observer knows how small or how great may be the real influence of an English monarch, is a doctrine insisted upon some forty years ago by Bagehot with such force that what seemed then a paradox has now become an accepted and important truism. Every year has illustrated the soundness of Bagehot's doctrine. The passing of the Crown from a Queen to a King has made a marked difference, though it is a change excessively hard to define, in the tone of public life. Whether Edward VII. exerts greater or less authority than his mother, is what no man who is not most intimately acquainted with the working of English politics can tell. The one thing which is clear is, that a habit is growing up of ascribing to the King political activity and diplomatic triumphs which no one ever dreamed of attributing to Victoria. Note, too, that this habit is fostered by the cheap press, which is supposed most accurately to represent popular sentiment. All the statements made about the King and his activity in the field of politics may be untrue, but it is the existence of this tendency to glorify the crowned head of the nation which is the phenomenon that merits notice. We see in the state of public opinion an intimation that, under conceivable circumstances, the potential authority of the Crown might unexpectedly be turned into a genuine power such as assuredly has not been exercised in England by any sovereign since the time of George III. Many of the resources at the disposal of George III. have ceased to exist, and can never be recovered by any of his descendants; but there are signs not of the probability, but of the bare possibility, that within the next fifty years the course of events may, instead of lessening, increase the strength of an English King.

Parliaments and Cabinets can never in the long run excite personal enthusiasm; allegiance must be given to a man, not to an assembly. It is the great Minister, the Pitt, the Palmerston, or the Gladstone of his day, who can, for a time at least, kindle more fervent admiration than any ordinary King. But then the King, just because his power depends upon his office, is always with us; the great Minister passes away and is forgotten. The Premier must, under the English party system, be the leader of a party; he cannot be the leader of the nation. A King may be and indeed must appear to be the head of the nation, even though he in reality be devoted to a party. Nor is there any reason why a King of sagacity should connect himself very closely with a particular body of statesmen. Add to all this, that it is the crown and not the Parliament of the United Kingdom which appears, at least, to be the representative of the Empire. In politics appearances are themselves important facts.

Secondly, The growth of Imperialism, then, whatever its other effects, adds new prestige and power to Royalty. This was an idea seized by Disraeli. His love of show and pageantry, no less than his keen insight into the weaknesses of human nature, made it far easier for him than for premiers such as Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Peel to perceive how easily the occupant of the throne might obtain the admiration and, in the long run it may be, the support of the various peoples and races who, outside England, add to the prestige, if not always to the strength, of the British Empire. The visits made by the King and his son before ascending the throne to distant parts of the royal dominions show that the Royal Family at least has learned how much loyalty may be excited by the presence of a man destined to be King. In this matter Parliament or great Parliamentarians cannot compete with the Crown. The House of Commons cannot appear as a House in India, in Canada or in Australia; and if by some strange arrangement the House of Commons were to travel bodily, say to Canada or to the Cape, it would, we all feel, excite no favor or veneration in these colonies; it would be a far less attractive and a far less impressive body than the British Association. And who can doubt that if the Prince of Wales had landed in South Africa while the most conspicuous British men of science were there assembled, the inhabitants of the country, to whatever race they belonged, would have deserted the British Association in order to catch a glimpse of the Prince?

The realization, further, of Imperialist ideas will give to an English King opportunities, of which he may likely enough avail himself, to pose as arbiter between different parts of the Empire. Nor is it at all inconceivable that a time may come when a wealthy colony, by making a grant to the Crown which was in truth and not in form only a gift to the King, might change the whole position of the Crown in relation to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. This thought, it will be said, is a wild one. So be it. It is an idea which has no reference to the practical politics of to-day. It is thrown out simply as a mode of bringing home to the minds of our readers the possibility that the so-called expansion of England, which is nothing else than the transformation of the United Kingdom into the British Empire, might produce quite incalculable changes in the position of an English King.

Thirdly. Writers who have analyzed the nature and the working of the English Constitution have paid too little attention to the special characteristics of the English civil service. The very defects of the party system bring into view all that is changeable, all that is unscientific, all which is noisy—if the expression may be allowed—in the administration of English public affairs. A premier depends for his official existence on the will of the House of Commons. Members of Parliament owe their seats to the goodwill of the electors. The parliamentary constituencies, composed for the most part of men ignorant of history, of economics, or of law, may be the victims of passion or prejudice; they may find their guides in those modern sophists, the anonymous writers in the daily press. The English scheme of government looks, in short, as if it rested upon sand. This view is far from entirely true, but it is constantly forced upon public observation. English constitutionalism, in appearance at least, ignores all claims of special capacity or of scientific knowledge. In England every man, to quote words sometimes attributed to George III., "is fit to fill any post to which he can get himself appointed." And this notion is expressed with more dignity in a well-known passage in the works of Macaulay.

"When," he writes, "parliamentary government is established, a Charles Townshend or a Windham will almost always exercise much greater influence than such men as the great Protector of England or as the founder of the Batavian commonwealth. In such a government, parliamentary talent, though quite distinct from the talents of a good executive or judicial officer, will be a chief qualification for executive and judicial office. From the Book of Dignities a curious list might be made out of Chancellors ignorant of the principles of equity, and First Lords of the Admiralty ignorant of the principles of navigation, of Colonial Ministers who could not repeat the names of the colonies, of Lords of the Treasury who did not know the difference between funded and unfunded debt, and of Secretaries of the India Board who did not know whether the Mahrattas were Mahometans or Hindoos."

This passage, too, expresses, and in a very exaggerated form, the belief that oratorical skill is the art which in England leads to parliamentary success. Nor can one forget that the oratory of the days of Macaulay and of the hundred years that preceded him was rhetoric addressed to a select body of educated English gentlemen. The orations which now bring a statesman into office, or keep him there, are addressed to the crowd. There is not a minister or any would-be minister who, in 1905, is ashamed of—to use an expression of Palmerston's—"starring it in the provinces." Sydney Smith may possibly have been mistaken in the opinion that there is no more connection between mod-

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esty and merit than the fact that they each begin with the same letter. But it is assuredly true that modest merit is not the virtue which brings a man to the front and gives him authority under a system of popular government. Now the point which has not often been noticed is, that the English civil service in modern days has, with many defects, exactly the merits which do not in general distinguish parliamentary statesmen. English civil servants enjoy a secure tenure of office. They are all, or nearly all, appointed for their real or supposed merit. The best of them have from long experience and practice gained skill in the management of their special business. They are many of them men of the highest character, and in some instances of marked genius. Tradition and etiquette forbid every attempt to court popular notice. Silence, as far as the public are concerned, is in the civil service a recognized duty, and this duty is fulfilled by men several of whom are, as every one knows, most admirable speakers. Two facts are worth the most careful attention. It is under almost all circumstances deemed an act deserving of censure to attack the permanent official, who often, in reality, guides the parliamentary official who is his superior. In a book which is now attracting well-deserved notice, a son goes near to apologizing for publishing a life of his distinguished father because his father gained his distinction among the silent ranks of the civil service.

The Circumlocution Office has its defects. Red tape, though a useful article, may be used far too freely in the Government offices. But, for all this, it is the civil service of England which supplies the permanence of tenure, the consistency of action, the scientific knowledge, the devotion to work unrecognized by the public—all those virtues, in short, which would otherwise not be fostered under a parliamentary and democratic constitution.

FRESH MUSIC BOOKS.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies's 'Singing of the Future' (John Lane) is a vigorous protest against the notion that the *bel canto*, or the true art of song, is practically a lost art. He combats the idea that *bel canto* means merely an agile, pretty voice, insisting that it really implies a complete mastery of all the vocal resources, and that Wagner, instead of being a voice-destroyer, is, properly understood, the final restorer of *bel canto* aims. His ideals and methods will be the ideals and methods of all singing of the future, not only in operas, but in song and in oratorio. When the author went to the greatest of oratorio singers, Sims Reeves, some years ago, to seek his aid in regard to the singing of "Elijah," there was "no word of thoracic, crico-thyroideal or epiglottic matters"; the first question asked was, "What do you think about the prophet—what sort of man was he?" "It was his *mind* that made him," says Mr. Davies of Sims Reeves, and the object of his book is to emphasize the rôle of the mind in singing. "The great tenor realized, *e. g.*, Samson's (a strong man's) blindness, so that when he reached his climax in the words 'Sun, moon, and stars, all dark to me,' there was a horror of darkness about his pronunciation which lives yet, somewhere, in this most laryngeal world of ours."

Mr. Davies gives many striking illustrations of how Emma Calvé, Jean de Reszke, and other great artists of our time, have anticipated the singing of the future by using their brains as well as their vocal cords. He discusses the means whereby the singer may not only reach the actor's level *in distinct enunciation, but even improve* upon it. He gives hints on tone production and breathing, of great value not only to singers and teachers, but to clergymen and other speakers; he shows how nervousness may be overcome, and gives useful advice in a discursive manner on nearly every phase of the art. Some of the aphorisms may be cited: "Genius will always discover its own technique." "There may be more geniuses among us than we imagine." "The texture of the voice must be slowly woven in the loom of time." "A great violinist is a great singer." "Cultivate brain, and voice will improve." "A student's aim should be to sing a word, rather than to make a tone." In this last sentence alone there is wisdom enough to atone for the author's ludicrously British ideas regarding the ultimate absorption of opera in oratorio.

"The singer who has mastered English may well laugh at him who can sing only in a simpler language like Italian." So says Mr. L. A. Russell, in his 'English Diction' (Oliver Ditson Co.); and he is quite right. His excellent little book also may be considered a contribution to the question of the singing of the future. Distinct enunciation is more and more coming to be regarded as of even greater importance than tonal beauty, and Mr. Russell shows how to acquire it in the English language. He holds that the singer's study of language should be even more thorough than the orator's; and he endorses Dr. Funk's opinion that "Pronunciation is really a work of art, one of the Fine Arts."

Mr. Gustav Kobbé contributes two tempting volumes of the lighter kind to the Christmas market. 'The Loves of the Great Composers' (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) includes seven chapters entitled "Mozart and his Constance," "Beethoven and his 'Immortal Beloved,'" "Mendelssohn and his Cécile," "Chopin and the Countess Potocka," "The Schumanns: Robert and Clara," "Franz Liszt and his Carolyne," "Wagner and Cosima." In collecting the material for these biographic love-stories, Mr. Kobbé has evidently been at pains to discard traditional legends and to embody the results of the latest German researches. The chapters on Liszt, Schumann, and Wagner, in particular, contain much that has not heretofore been accessible to readers of English only. In the case of his other volume, 'Wagner and his Isolde' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Mr. Kobbé's version was made in advance of, and without any knowledge of, Mr. Ellis's translation of the letters to Frau Wesendonck. Those who wish a complete translation of the letters will get, of course, Ellis's version, while those who have time or inclination for merely the most entertaining parts, connected with explanatory remarks by the translator, will find in Mr. Kobbé's volume just what they want.

A book on the harp is quite a new thing in literature. There is one by Bruce Armstrong; but, apart from that, the only historic sketches of this venerable instrument preceding Mr. Flood's 'The Story of the Harp' (Scribners) appear to be those in the 'Britannica' and 'Grove.' The harp had its vogue before the days of much making of music-books. Its history dates back three thousand years, and there was a time in England when, apparently, every man at a banquet was expected to accompany his song on a simple harp. In our day the household harp has nearly disappeared; but at the same time it has become more and more at home in the orchestra. Mr. Flood devotes what may seem a disproportionate amount of space to the harp and harpists in Ireland; but that is pardonable, perhaps, as he is the author of a 'History of Irish Music.'. There are sections on the leading harpists, ending with John Cheshire of Brooklyn. The chapter on the harp in the orchestra gives a good summary of the increasing use of this instrument in the scores of Spohr, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, culminating in the six-harp rainbow music of "Rheingold." There are appendices on "The Æolian Harp," "Epochs in the History of Harp-Making," and bibliographic sources.

It was to be expected that, after the deservedly favorable reception of his 'Tonal Counterpoint,' Professor Spalding of Harvard would also issue a text-book on 'Modern Harmony' (Arthur P. Schmidt). In this case he has associated with himself the well-known American composer, Mr. Arthur Foote. Their joint product is a model of clearness and utility. The key-note to the work may be found in this assertion: "When we find a rule constantly broken by one great composer after another, it is probable that the rule ought to be modified or given up, and not that the composers are wrong." The book is in every way remarkably up to date. In these days of harmonic daring and searching for new paths, the chapters on the chords of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth, and on the old ecclesiastic modes, are of special interest. The examples chosen are on the whole more modern than those in German textbooks. Grieg, Dvorák, Tchaikovsky, Franck, Debussy, Elgar, are cited; nay, even the American composer is not ignored, illustrations being taken from works by Paine, Chadwick, even Mrs. Beach; but why was the richest and most original of all the American sources of harmony—that to be found in Edward MacDowell's works—entirely ignored? It is passing strange. Mr. Foote, however, has kept himself modestly in the background; unlike Richard Strauss, who, in bringing Berlioz's work on Orchestration up to date, has taken most of the examples from his own works.

The Oliver Ditson Company could not have chosen a better editor for their collection of Schumann's pianoforte compositions than Xaver Scharwenka. While every amateur may miss this or that pet piece, the editor has succeeded remarkably in his choice of the half-hundred most precious nuggets. Here are 188 pages of music never excelled for inspiration, except in the same number of pages by Chopin. Mr. Scharwenka's introductory essay is printed in German as well as in English, and contains much in a short space. As regards Helen Hopekirk's 'Seventy Scotch Songs,' in the

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same series, opinions may be divided. Those who care only for popular tunes with any serviceable accompaniment will find this collection acceptable; whereas the epicure who likes his folk-music pure and unadulterated will be likely to object to many passages in which the arranger has exercised her faculty of harmonizing with too little regard for the racial essence of the tunes. The preface dwells largely on the Celtic music of Scotland; and attention is called to the fact that "numbers of the more modern melodies owe their birth to the bagpipe, which superseded the harp within three hundred years."

Old Provence. By Theodore Andrea Cook, M.A., F.S.A., Sometime Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, Author of 'Old Touraine: The Life and History of the Châteaux of the Loire.' In two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Whoever else is pleased with this book, which has a comely appearance and excellent illustrations, mainly architectural, the womankind of Arles and thereabout is certain to be. The author finds that the women of Arles have continued the purest types of classic Greek beauty. He lays this to the fact that Arles was an early Greek (Phocæan) colony. In volume ii. he even claims them, associating with them this time those of San Rémy, as a sufficient consolation for all the wreck and havoc his old Provence has been subjected to in the course of the numerous historic strata deposited therein by the ages. This circumstance is certainly important if true. It is not held that it extends to the other Greek colonies or is found in Greece itself, or that it extends to the men; and it may be added that it is not within the observation of at least all previous travellers, and, furthermore, that Arles, in the delta of the Rhone, is not very far from the great district of marshes below, so afflicted with mosquitoes and malarial fevers, which would not seem at all a favorable environment for the production and persistence of an exceptional form of beauty. If this book should be widely read, and if many of his fellow-Englishmen should be drawn to Provence, as the author hopes, because it used to be a fief of Richard Cœur de Lion, may it not be that a too earnest curiosity or zeal of verification on this subject may cause the fair objects of the panegyric some embarrassment?

Mr. Cook's Provence extends from Carcassonne, in Dauphiny, to Fréjus in the French Riviera. But he does not propose to cover all this ground; he indicates with a diagram—which would have been clearer with more names attached—that his subject is chiefly the lower course and delta of the Rhone, the limits being at Montpellier on the one side and Marseilles on the other. Even within this district he does not try to tell all; having "determined to write a book and not a library," as he states, he has very properly adopted restrictions which might have resulted, but unfortunately did not, in a desirable thoroughness. Sentimentally it is the usual Provence of good King René and adventurous Queen Jeanne, and the book is a special tribute of enthusiasm to the strong influence of the new school of literary men, the Félibres. The pages are liberally sprinkled with ample quotations, carefully translated in foot-notes, from Mistral's 'Mirèio,' 'Calendal' and those other pastoral epics in which he celebrates the genial home feeling, and seedtime and harvest, and the traditions of the past told round the winter fire; and the graceful story of 'Clémence' is given in full, as is that of 'Aucassin and Nicolette' elsewhere. It is true that complete versions of all these in French, where not in English, can now be found. On the other hand, the story of Petrarch and Laura would have been better more consecutively told, instead of being treated controversially, and a sense of humor would have saved it, as here presented, from considerable risk of affording amusement for the scoffer.

The tone of the book is very serious, the style strenuous, as, for example, in the account of the plague of 1640, "in the seething caldron of close-packed and poverty-stricken humanity which the amphitheatre [at Arles] had become." "They caught a glimpse of the hell-mouth beneath them. From its pestiferous recesses rose the noisome exhalations of a crowded, airless pit. The smoke of fires swirled fitfully from every corner [in spite of the lack of air as noted], and cooking-pots hung heavily above them. . . . Men moved to and fro about their hideous business. A stir of indescribable ferocity, of smothered vice, echoed from the cavernous vault," etc. Metaphors often come very close to being mixed, as where, again, Old Provence, like the great Rhone dissipating itself among the marshes, never reached the *zenith* of its prefigured destiny.

Mr. Cook, F.S.A., is evidently an architect, and he informs us that he means to "say as little as possible of the history that cannot in some degree be traced in stone"; an excellent programme this, which, if adhered to, would, despite the many books, give him a place of his own. The architectural point of view is always a capital one, and, indeed, what with the rapid unification of all manners and customs, dress, and products of industry, will soon be the only one for the seeker for picturesque interest; but the writer of this book feels himself much more called towards deliverances on history than on his fine old architecture. He leads us to Carcassonne, and, giving but a casual touch or two to the great fortress—restored by Viollet-le-Duc to be a thorough example of the stronghold of the Middle Ages—leaves us sitting down before it, as it were, while he goes off for a twenty-seven-page excursion on the Albigensian heresy. At Avignon, besides eliminating the quite fascinating old Villeneuve, across the river (for want of space, he frankly confesses), he hastens very summarily through that capital itself, to devote some sixty pages to the history of the popes that once ruled it. At the Abbey of Montmajour he has "deliberately said nothing of the inextricable mixture of eighteenth-century work on the hill," in order to discuss the relations of Church and State and the division of Charlemagne's empire; and at Aigues-Mortes we hear about the Sicilian Vespers because Charles of Anjou, to whom it happened, was a brother of Saint Louis, who sailed from there with two thousand vessels for the Crusade. It is an interesting touch, by the way, a striking reminder of the absolute distinctness of Provence and France, which have for so many centuries been one, that Saint Louis had to buy this harbor, Narbonne being silted up even then, and France having no southern port whatever. Aigues-Mortes has followed the fate of Narbonne in its turn, and so have Arles and Fréjus. Once most important maritime places, they are now miles away from the sea. Swamps, dykes, lagoons, quicksands, and changing shoals and bars are the characteristic of the region, due to the alluvial deposit by the rivers; not less than four distinct coast lines can be traced at Aigues-Mortes, and the Mediterranean retreats farther every year.

It is not claimed that this history is from any new sources; it is collected, and, naturally, it cannot be very complete; indeed, our knowledge of all sorts of historical matters, some of them pretty abstruse, is continually taken for granted. Hence the book cannot serve as a monograph even in that way; if we were going in for history, we should have to read a good deal more. The topographical situation and influence of the powerful Rhone are well presented, and there are good pages and paragraphs: the way the early mariners traded along the Mediterranean, hauling up their boats at night, and fast wearing them out in the process, may be mentioned, and the tribute to Aix, "a pleasant town of fountains and front doors and shady boulevards . . . and an excellent library," and the approach, up its fine flight of steps to the lovely portal of the Church of St. Trophime at Arles, and that to the village of St. Gilles, where there is another portal, in the same captivating style, yet more splendid, though less elaborate. There is room for many books about a region so replete with interest, and it can do nobody any harm to read this one; but, while it will not spare the traveller abroad the need of his guide-books, it has not the light and graceful touch and the gift of vivid presentation that will satisfy the reader who stays at home—the ultimate test. It is a baffling book, and not very clear.

The author advises going to Provence in spring or autumn. The memory of the deadly chill of a night at the inn at Orange when stopping there to see the amphitheatre, in winter, prompts the present writer to endorse this advice; and, recollecting the dire experiences, what with snow, rain, flood, and winds, of some friends who were aiming to visit it all in automobile, after mid-April, one year, he would suggest that, if it be spring, it be as well on into the spring as possible.

The Art of the National Gallery. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1905.

This illustrated guide-book to the London National Gallery belongs to a series on the art galleries of Europe written, we note, entirely by women. The present authoress writes in a popular vein, giving a short critical survey of the different schools of painting, with biographical details of the artists and all current information as to the provenance of the pictures. The book, in its portable form with plentiful photographic illustrations, is obviously intended rather for the traveller who desires to be told in brief all that is salient and amusing

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about the pictures than for the serious art student with aspirations towards what is termed "the higher criticism." No suggestions or opinions are offered as to attributions; our authoress keeps very much to the official catalogue on such points. She quotes from Cennino Cennini as to ancient methods, and naturally goes to Vasari for her stories about old Italian masters and the evolution of Italian art. She is often not up to date—for instance, in saying that the authenticity of the "Assumption of the Virgin," at one time attributed to Botticelli, is questioned; it has long been decided on all sides that he had nothing to do with that picture. The story told by Sir William Fraser as to the purchase *by Disraeli's orders* of the "Nativity" of Piero della Francesca at the Barker sale to a "Mr. C." is merely idle gossip. Sir Frederick Barton was known to be bidding for the nation at that memorable sale, and was determined to secure certain pictures at any price; the question came up later on account of this as to whether it was expedient on economical principles for the Director of the National Gallery to bid himself on such occasions, as it caused prices to run up so high.

Early Italian pictures are described with sympathy and understanding of their sincerity and naïveté of feeling, but it is in the chapters on the British school that the book is most readable as embodying so many characteristic anecdotes of the painters nearer to us; their lives and their times being better known. The beginnings of the Royal Academy are especially good reading, with the record of the tiffs of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough and the numerous jealousies and rivalries that, from the earliest days, disturbed the harmonious action of that body of artists. One characteristic story about Turner we must quote:

"When he sent a picture to the Academy, it was frequently unfinished; he waited until varnishing day to put in the last touches, sometimes planning these according to the requirements of the hanging and its proximity to other paintings. On one occasion Jones had a very vividly colored picture which was hung close to Turner's. Turner mounted on his flight of steps, palette in hand, murmuring with a chuckle, 'I'll out-blue you, Joney!' and painted in a brilliant sky. Jones, to baffle him, then changed his own picture to a low tone, which made Turner's look absurd. When the little artist arrived the next day, he quite appreciated the joke, and admitted that Jones had got the better of him this time."

In the index we find this anecdote under the name "Sir Henry Burne-Jones," a most extraordinary blunder, while both index and authoress mention the present Director of the Gallery as Sir William Poynter on one occasion, although the latter gives him his own name the first time he is mentioned (p. 60). These are slight errors in a useful work. Almost all artists in the collection are mentioned, and their works described—no light task.

Life of Walt Whitman. By Henry Bryan Binns. With thirty-three illustrations. London: Methuen & Co. 1905.

The first biographies of an eminent man are wont to be all praise; then follow the sharp censures, and then those books which are or claim to be impartial. Mr. Binns's thick octavo volume belongs, or seeks to belong, in the third class. Its author apparently never saw Whitman, and gives no sure indication of having visited America, but the book is dedicated to the author's mother "and her mother, the republic," apparently implying that she is an American; and the long list of books about Whitman has evidently been consulted with care and is copiously quoted, with accurate citations. Reference, too, is often made to the Cambridge (England) volume on 'The United States' in the "Modern History" series.

It can hardly be said that out of this ample material Mr. Binns has woven an absolutely new view of his subject; but he exhibits with a frankness almost amounting to naïveté some aspects of Whitman which his predecessors have exhibited less freely. Thus, he bluntly suggests the entire possibility of Whitman's illegitimate sons having served in the civil war, pronouncing it to be "just possible that some young son of his own, known or unknown to him, may have served among the boys in the opposite ranks before the war was over" (p. 186). To this he elsewhere adds, still more obscurely, "When we remember his separation from the woman and the children of his love, and all the experiences of the war" (p. 252); this woman being unknown to previous biographies. Passing to another unheroic aspect of his subject's career, he admits freely Whitman's tendency—first mentioned, we believe, by Donaldson out of all his biographers—to write enthusiastic puffs of himself. He says, "Whitman decided upon a somewhat questionable method of advertisement: he contributed unsigned notices of his book to the Brooklyn *Times*, with which he appears to have been connected, and to a phrenological sheet issued by Fowler & Wells, his agents on Broadway." Such documents, only too familiar to those who have met them in manuscript collections, seemed to Mr. Binns "not a little astonishing" (p. 109). Again, Mr. Binns fully endorses that side of Whitman which he describes as "his gospel of health, as the message most needed in the world today" (p. 339), without the slightest reference to the fact that this apparently superb type of physical manhood could not bear, when on mere hospital service in the civil war, the changes of climate and other exposures through which so many weaker men lived safely while serving in the ranks; nor does he notice the curious aspect of Whitman's early prostration in health when compared to the robust old age of Bryant at eighty-three, of Whittier at eighty-five, and of Dana at ninety.

He notes, on the other side, the personally lovable qualities of Whitman, his fondness for children and "girl friends" (p. 304), and even mentions his taste for holding the hands of his friends and otherwise personally petting them. He also recognizes that Whitman "took a certain wilful pleasure in denial, for the quality of 'cussedness' was strong in him" (p. 306), adding: "But in other moods he was all generosity, and you knew in him a man who had given himself, body, mind, and spirit, to Love, never contented to give less than all." Mr. Binns further admits that, so far as Whitman's personal traits and habits were concerned, "average American opinion was then undisguisedly hostile, as, of course, it still remains" (p. 214); a statement which we might have supposed to be quite exaggerated but for the curious fact that Whitman did not receive so much as a single vote from among the hundred judges of the "Hall of Fame." Mr. Binns, however, adds that "a number of enthusiastic fools" (p. 335) have appeared as Whitman's admirers. It may or may not be in connection with this general statement that he mentions a file of the *Conservator* as being now accessible in the British Museum Library (p. 300).

When he comes to the consideration of Whitman as a poet, our biographer has little to offer, but thinks his highest flights "naturally impossible to the pedestrian faculties of the mind" (p. 333). He gives us, on the other hand, by far the finest collection ever made of portraits of Whitman at eight different periods of life, and these lend a unique value to the book. He quotes, too, more than once, the poet's ever delightful "Song of the Open Road," but he has not yet discovered, what is coming rapidly to be recognized, that Whitman's poetry at its loftiest takes us into an atmosphere far above his general range, if not above that attained by any American poet, as in this cheering glimpse at human life's last moment:

"Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry).
Our life is closed, our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave.
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore.
Joy, shipmate, joy!"

L'Œuvre de James Mac Neill Whistler, Mai-Juin, 1905. Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 1905.

After the Whistler Memorial Exhibition in London, as our readers know, an *édition de luxe* of the catalogue was published for the International Society by Mr. Heinemann. The Whistler Exhibition in Paris has now been followed not by a catalogue, but by a disorderly collection of reproductions of forty of Whistler's paintings, the greater number of which were exhibited on that occasion. It is issued in portfolio form, in two parts, the second opening with a short biographical introduction by M. Léonce Bénédite, curator of the Musée National du Luxembourg, who was the chief organizer of the Paris show. This show, as it was announced at the time, and as M. Bénédite is careful to recall in his introduction, was undertaken at the initiative of Whistler's official representative, according to a desire, it was said, expressed by Whistler himself; and of the results, as they were seen last summer in the Palais de l'École Nationale des Beaux-Arts, the publication is a "souvenir." It seemed extraordinary then that Whistler, who was so fastidious about his own work during his life, should have wanted to be represented after his death not only by his masterpieces, but by so many slight and unfinished canvases.

There are minor mistakes of spelling in M. Bénédite's introduction—"The Fur *Jackett,*" and "*Lymeregis*" as one word, for instance. There are also misunderstandings on his part, not surprising, perhaps, in a Frenchman knowing, apparently, nothing of American affairs. Thus, it certainly would amaze Americans to hear that Whistler was employed in the "Bureau de la Marine" at Washington, whatever that may be, while it is not quite correct to speak of his early

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plates as if their title were "Coast Survey." There are, again, some critical opinions with which we find it impossible to agree. We see nothing of Millais in "The Little White Girl," and we might question other statements and conclusions if the introduction were not intended to be the merest sketch of Whistler's life, though there is no valid reason why that should not be absolutely above suspicion. The most interesting material at his command M. Bénédite reserved for his recent series of four articles on Whistler in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*.

The reproductions, in some sort of photogravure, are neither very well selected nor very well executed. Some works that are included might better, for Whistler's reputation, have been left out; others were not in the Paris show—"The Yellow Buskin" and the "Carlyle," for example. Nor are the plates satisfactory as a rule. Harmonies, like the lovely "Valparaiso," virtually disappear, and the subtlety of tone vanishes from portraits like the "Mother" and the "Miss Alexander." A vile greenish black ink is at times employed.

Imperfect as it is, of course, the publication is of some slight use for reference, if supplemented by the catalogue of the Exhibition; but, as the catalogue numbers do not appear in the portfolio, it is very difficult, at times almost impossible, to identify the reproductions. The Paris catalogue was modelled on that of the London Memorial Exhibition organized by the International Society, who were the first to attempt a descriptive catalogue of Whistler's pictures and drawings. But the Paris portfolio, if a pleasant souvenir, can hardly be looked upon as a serious record of value to the student and the artist. To collectors, however, it will have value, as it has been issued in an edition limited to five hundred copies. Of these, twenty-five only are printed on special Japanese paper.

Der Holzschnitt. Von Dr. Max Osborn. (Liebhaber-Ausgaben.) Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1905.

This is an agreeably written history of wood-engraving, embracing even a glimpse of the art of the Far East, and shows familiarity with the literature. The necessities of "process" have caused it to be printed on glossy paper trying to the eyes in any light. It is copiously illustrated in an unhackneyed manner, both in the text and by full-page examples, and even by folded inserts of larger cuts, which fare rather badly in the creasing. We shall test the matter at three crucial points, not by way of impugning the general excellence of this treatise, but for the sake of some helpful comment.

Of the technique of wood-engraving in the primitive day of facsimile, line-for-line cutting, comparatively little is to be said. The design is nearly everything. It is so in the case of Hans Holbein, the discourse about whom here relates almost wholly to his pencilled imaginings. Much, inevitably, is said of his Dance of Death, but Dr. Osborn does not make it clear that the best opinion confines Holbein's part in the Trechsel Lyons edition of 1538 to the compositions; nor does he refer back to these from the blocks, as has recently been done, with the probable conclusion that Holbein did not even redraw his studies upon the wood. A further check upon generalization lies in the fact that the originals are not all from one hand. Finally, they were not all in pure line, ready to be transferred. Some were wholly or in part in wash. The significance of this is that Lützelburger, or whoever may be settled upon as the engraver and perhaps the final draughtsman, had to interpret the tone in line. Now in 1789 the Englishman, John Bewick, upon outline tracings rather carelessly applied, recut the Dance of Death, but, profiting by the invention of his elder and more famous brother Thomas, cut his ground, his skies, etc., in tint; so that his work, crude as it is, stands at the parting of the ways between old style and new in wood-engraving—between black line for its own sake and the white line, or stroke, by which both form and color were to be attained. This was Thomas Bewick's deliberate intention as expressed in his autobiography; and all the triumphs of wood-engraving in our time have been in this direction, with no breach in continuity from the elder Bewick down.

Bewick's technique is cumbersomely described for want of a just understanding of it. It would be impossible for the Tyneside craftsman, could he now survey the masterpieces on wood which have carried the development of that art beyond any other in black and white, to unite with Dr. Osborn in pronouncing that wood-engraving, in affecting *Tonmalerei*, has gone beyond its sphere or province. Bewick would recognize them with pride as his own offspring, far surpassing his wildest dreams of perfection. Only a single example of Bewick's craftsmanship is given, and that both small and not specially characteristic, from the 'British Birds.' Dr. Osborn, relying upon bookish authorities, credits him afresh with special contrivance of tools and with the first employment of box, cutting upon the ends of the grain. Bewick himself sets up neither claim; and the last is demonstrably untrue. Box was used for initial letters now owned by the Clarendon Press a century before Bewick appeared, and was cut across the grain.

The American school is fairly treated, but without emphasizing the part in the revolution of tone-engraving played by photographing upon the block. From that moment all flights were possible, and mere book illustration was transcended. The sheet engraving, employing a shallower cut and a correspondingly increased pressure in the printing on Japan proof paper, became an end in itself, a work of art fit to shine beside the etching or the steel or copperplate engraving. What we have seen thus achieved on this side the water, by native and by naturalized German skill and genius, is evidently unknown to Dr. Osborn, though it keeps on winning gold medals at World's Fairs. Unconsciously he affords a glimpse of the progress of one artist where he gives two book-illustrations from the graver of Gustav Kruell—a Gambetta of 1883 and a Tennyson of 1889. Now let Dr. Osborn get hold of his Webster, his Sherman, his Beethoven, and his Franklin, and study his Protean technique under the loupe. It will teach him more than all the books, and help rid him of his antiquated notion of the limitations of wood-engraving.

The Old Colonial System. By G. B. Hertz. Manchester (Eng.) University Press. 1905.

This is a study of English public opinion on Colonial questions during the period that covers the Seven Years' War and the War of American Independence. The author has accumulated a considerable number of extracts from contemporary writers and pamphleteers, many of them curious and interesting. But he is unfortunately apt to lose himself in detail, and to accept at equal value the most flimsy with the most weighty opinions. He is also too much inclined to justify his title, and would have us believe that such English enthusiasm as there was for the American war was based on a conscious effort to save what he describes as the Old Colonial System. In the same way he declares that "the popularity of the American cause in Europe" was due to the "universal detestation of the British Imperial theory"—which is purely imaginary. Lafayette, Pulaski, and Steuben never worried their heads about the Old Colonial System.

Occasionally Mr. Hertz is misleading in his statements, as when, approaching the reasons for England's employment of German mercenaries, he reviews the effective strength of the British army (chap. ix.). Taking various dates between 1748 and 1775, he gives no higher total than 50,000 men; yet Chatham in 1763 had over 300,000 men under arms. Some of the judgments passed appear somewhat immature; for instance, Burgoyne is disposed of as incompetent, prolix, and pompous. There are also a few slips, such as that which makes Hillsborough Secretary of State for India instead of for the Colonies. On the whole, the book contains some interesting extracts and many useful references to pamphlets, but is deficient in other respects.

Life of Omar Al-Khayyami. By J. K. M. Shirazi. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Pages x., 107. 1905.

In a small but well-written book a Persian gentleman has essayed an evaluation of Omar Khayyam. As the result of a personal acquaintance with the city in which the poet lived and of national sympathy with his writings, his work appeals with justice to those who have fallen under the spell of the bard of Naishapur. After an opening chapter, perhaps the best, devoted to a history and to a description of the city, Mr. Shirazi discusses the birth and parentage of the poet. Here he reaches the interesting conclusion that Omar's epithet of al-Khayyami does not imply that either he or his father was a tent-maker, for which there is, indeed, little evidence; but that he was of Arab descent, or possibly came from Khuzistan or Laristan in southwestern Persia, where the patronymic was, Mr. Shirazi says, not uncommon. The chapter on Omar's scientific labors, on the other hand, is comparatively barren. His services to algebra are utterly ignored, and the leading rôle which he played in the computation of the era of Jalali, by which Persian chronology was definitely reformed, receives too slight a notice to make the impression which it deserves. The vexed question of Omar's Sufiism is decided by the author, perhaps rightly, in the negative;

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and he is certainly correct in emphasizing the fact that the Rubáiyát was produced at different times and in varying moods, so that no single system of interpretation is altogether adequate. Mr. Shirazi well says, however, that "Agnosticism, not faith, is the keynote of his works. But it is always Agnosticism modified by Mohammedanism and a very human liking for the joys of life. When the perpetual negation of Agnosticism becomes intolerable, he seeks to forget it in the delights of the senses."

The concluding portion of the final chapter is especially interesting as being written by a Persian. In it the author attempts to explain the fact that Omar is by no means a popular poet in his native land, and he finds the reason in three factors: his lack of religious orthodoxy, which alienated the Mohammedans; jealousy of his rise to the friendship of the Vizier Nizam al-Mulk; and suspicion of his early acquaintanceship with Hassan ibn Sabbah, the notorious founder of the sect of the Assassins.

The only real blemish on the book is the author's anti-religious bias, which he doubtless regards as "smart." His transliteration of Persian names and book-titles shows little consistency. On the other hand, he has evidently read deeply in Persian sources for the material of his biography, and claims to have had access to rare manuscripts in his native land. His copious citations from early Iranian history regarding the life of Omar Khayyám form by all odds the most valuable part of his work, although these very quotations have been more critically discussed and much amplified by E. Denison Ross, now principal of the Calcutta Madrasah, in his introduction to an edition of the Rubáiyát which was published in 1900.

Territories and Dependencies of the United States: Their Government and Administration. By William Franklin Willoughby. The Century Co. 1905.

The American Judiciary. By Simeon E. Baldwin. The Century Co. 1905.

These two additions to the American State Series are very fair specimens of a species of book which seems to be coming more and more into fashion. They may be classified as politico-descriptive, and appear to be designed rather for the general public than for either students or specialists. Mr. W. F. Willoughby is treasurer of Porto Rico, and has, from his connection with the insular Government, a special knowledge of his subject. His book covers a vast field—that of the whole expansion of the United States beyond their original limits. Nearly two-thirds of it are devoted to Porto Rico and the Philippines; but Hawaii, Alaska, Samoa, and Guam are not neglected in a survey which embraces the Northwest Territory, the Louisiana Purchase (developed into integral States of the original system), and the expressly created political organism carved out of the United States as a site for the national capital. Mr. Willoughby's volume will repay careful study, and will force upon the reader the conviction that the United States has now confronting it, for better or worse, "problems" arising out of its expansion which compare favorably in magnitude and intricacy with those of any empire or monarchy of the Old World.

Mr. Willoughby devotes a great deal of space to the treatment of local government and internal administration. He reminds his readers of the fact, generally overlooked, that while the usual practice is to consider dependencies as if the only question involved were the political machinery of their central government, and the determination of the relations between that and the Government of the mother country, in point of fact the deep and sometimes overwhelming difficulty lies in working out a proper system of local government and administration of law, police, sanitation, and education. It is at these points that the annexation enters into, alters, and affects beneficially or otherwise the daily life of the colonist. Another point brought out clearly is that colonial questions must be handed over to experts if they are to be solved intelligently; they do not, as a rule, even present themselves to the minds of legislators or public at home. The author's conclusion is that a Colonial Bureau at Washington is needed. We very much doubt, however, whether a general colonial bureau would not speedily become a refuge for broken-down politicians, who would make a mess of the whole business by attempting some uniform system productive of more confusion than even now exists. The present permanent bureau of the War Department which has charge of the Philippines has less "politics" in it than a new one is likely to cause. Samoa is governed by a naval officer, and the Samoan code and local administration are left, as we understand it, to the Samoans. This simple system works well, although the Samoans are lower in civilization than the Filipinos. In the long run we shall probably find, as other nations have found, that simplicity of management on the part of the home Government and *laissez-faire* within the colony, so far as possible, is the true rule. Imperialists, unless highly educated, like neither.

Judge Baldwin's book deals with an old subject. So far as description goes, it is here and there loosely written—*e. g.*, he says (p. 55) that a decision on a point of law by the highest court in a State "does not, however, bind its *lower courts* as absolutely as would a statute," and adds that an inferior court may *disregard it* if fully satisfied that "the action taken" was "ill-considered and erroneous." Of course Judge Baldwin knows perfectly well that courts of last resort settle the law for inferior courts—this is the chief object and function of appeals. In the same way he allows himself to say (p. 59) that the thing which is "probably the most powerful" to *establish* a precedent is "general recognition by approved writers." If the author, as associate justice of the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut, had been told by a lawyer practising before him that a judgment of his court was not an established precedent, because it had not received the general recognition of approved writers, he would hardly have failed to be surprised; yet this is what the reader would gather as the result of his remarks. In discussing the present condition of bench and bar, the author seems carried away by his optimism, for he shows clearly enough that the facts of the case warrant the belief that the elective system and its accompaniment of political (and, frequently, purchased) nominations have lowered the character of the bench and, through it, of the bar. Speaking of Judge Barnard's remark that he had always succeeded in life by helping his friends, the author quotes a French critic of the elective judiciary as saying that his unpardonable crime was that "he proclaimed too frankly the doctrine of the elective judiciary": *il trahissait le secret professionnel.*

Tragic Drama in Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare. By Lewis Campbell. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Prof. Lewis Campbell is the Nestor among English classical scholars. He won his reputation in the early sixties by his editions of the more abstruse dialogues of Plato, though it is only within the last ten years or so that the Germans, who never quite understand the English habit of binding up one's researches in a college text-book, have fully recognized that he is one of the few Platonic scholars whose work is likely to be permanent. He has edited Sophocles and the 'Republic' of Plato and translated Æschylus, and is the promoter and chief editor of a new Platonic lexicon which, when published, will be of inestimable value to Platonic students. The present "Essay" is rather a recreation—*otiosi otiuti scpositum*—than a serious contribution to scholarship; but the recreations of so ripe and well-balanced a scholar are secure of respect and of attentive readers.

Mr. Campbell's purpose is to show the essential points of correspondence between the masterpieces of the Attic stage and of Elizabethan England. For any classical scholar the differences and the resemblances of the two schools of tragedy lie on the surface; but even he will find much that is suggestive in Mr. Campbell's informal chapters, while the English student who reads no Greek should, of course, not fail to grasp at an opportunity of this kind. The Athenian poet, like the Elizabethan, composed his dramas at a time of "great national triumphs, of world-wide interests, of great political crises, great attempts, great successes, great reverses; in which all the powers of humanity for good and evil were manifested with extraordinary energy. Both chose stories which had already taken hold of the popular imagination; both showed how some master-passion, developed to its highest power, might wreck the happiness of a group of human beings." The ancient *répertoire* is further restricted by the identity of motive in different legends; the story of Alcmæon is that of Orestes over again. "Thus there is a real analogy inherent in the fable between Oedipus the King and the tyranny of Macbeth, between Orestes and Hamlet, between the sons of Oedipus and the daughters of King Lear." What Mr. Campbell sets out to do is to show how differently Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakspere handled analogous subjects—Æschylus, for instance, his Orestes, Shakspere his Hamlet—"how far this has arisen from differences in the spirit of the age or of individual genius," and so on. What he does is to give us a series of rambling notes, all of more or less value, but forming a whole that should be called anything rather than an essay in the strict literary sense. The

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greater part of the book is devoted to Shakspere; and in discussing both Shakspere and Sophocles, Mr. Campbell here and there abandons any attempt at consecutive thought in order to give us notes on readings and tragic diction in general. The book is, in fact, a collection of interesting points that have occurred to him in the course of a long life devoted in great part to reading the Greek and English tragedians.

We wish there were any chance of his altering current speech so as to give their proper meaning to two words constantly employed by writers on tragedy. These are "climax" and "catastrophe." The first of these is regularly misused to mean the acme of interest, whereas every Greek student knows that it merely means a gradual ascent. "Catastrophe" to the Greek did not mean, as it does for us, a great disaster or the critical moment of the play which marks the change of fortune. What it should stand for is the close of the action, the "turning down" of the thread that one has been weaving. Both Athenian and Elizabethan tragedy would, as Mr. Campbell maintains, be correctly divided into five parts, the "opening," the "climax" (or gradual ascent), the "acme" (or chief crisis), the "sequel," the "close" (or catastrophe). The acme of interest and the close of a Greek play seldom, of course, coincided. It is for the discussion of points such as these, and for the intelligent studies of the chief Sophoclean and Shaksperean characters, that the reader will find it worth his while to consult this book. Mr. Campbell writes with the sure touch of the scholar, but on page 222 he has fallen into an error that is due to a too keen sense of the appropriate. Horace ought to have said

> "Video meliora proboque,
> Deteriora sequor"—

lines which Mr. Campbell refers to as "Horace's confession." But they were of course written, not by Horace, but by Ovid, who puts them into the mouth of his Medea when, in the 'Metamorphoses,' she is halting between desire and reason.

The Vegetable Garden: Illustrations, Descriptions, and Culture of the Garden Vegetables of Cold and Temperate Climates. By MM. Vilmorin-Andrieux of Paris. Published under the direction of W. Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The English sponsor for this work is the well-known author of 'The English Flower-Garden' and the 'Parks of Paris,' a man of sound judgment and wide experience in things horticultural. The work itself is the joint production of two eminent authorities in all matters relating to the origination and cultivation of vegetables. The horticultural establishments of Vilmorin-Andrieux are doubtless known to many of our readers who have seen the Paris seed-store fronting the Seine. The English translation of the French work has been recast into a convenient form, and, although better adapted to English gardening than to gardens here, will be found to be trustworthy in almost every case under our conditions. Mr. Robinson lays great stress upon the necessity of establishing district markets for local supplies, instead of depending upon the huge chaos of Covent Garden. Of course we do not have exactly the same problem here, even near our large cities, but there is a bad and growing tendency to turn the produce of our suburban gardens into the central markets for redistribution. Every one who has had occasion to live in our summer resorts, whether by the mountains or the sea, knows too well that his freshest vegetables come from the central markets of the nearest large city, instead of from the gardens near by. But these freshest vegetables have sometimes made the expensive and long journey to the city and back to the huckster at the very garden gate. It is like the scarcity of fresh fish at the shore: the fish first are carried to the city and back. This annoying state of things can be changed only by giving to the local gardener and tradesman a steady patronage instead of a capricious one. Perhaps it would be possible even to introduce the fine custom, so prevalent in Germany, of having some open space devoted for a few hours each day to the richly furnished market of all fresh things; thus we might be freed from the tyranny of the corner shop, with its stale produce which has not grown better by its travels.

Again, Mr. Robinson properly appeals to cultivators to select the best and to gather always at the very best stage—two things wofully neglected in our country. He urges the choice of the best before the large, although the latter may seem to give you more for your money. The selection of the best vegetables in every class is not a difficult matter, with this work in hand, provided one bears constantly in mind the difference between the climate of our gardens and that described in the book.

The treatise is characterized by one feature found in no other large work of its class, namely, the prominence given to the characters of the seed. We are told the results of long-continued trials in regard to the duration of the germinating power of all the sorts of seeds. The widest differences here exist, some sorts of seeds being *viable* for only a short period, while others are sound and of high yield after many years. In the French edition, the table summing up these data is full of interest, and it seems a pity that it has been left out of the present one. The facts are fully given, but not in so convenient a form. With Professor Bailey's valuable Cyclopædia, and with this minor cyclopædia supplementing that, our gardeners, professional and amateur, are well equipped.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainger, Alfred. Lectures and Essays. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. $5.

Aldrich, Richard. A Guide to the Ring of the Nibelung. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Barine, Arvède. Louis XIV. and la Grande Mademoiselle. Putnams. $3 net.

Barrow, George. Wild Wales.—Lavengro.—The Zincali.—The Bible in Spain.—The Romany Rye. Putnams. $6.25.

Barton, George Edward. The Pipe of Desire, and Other Plays. Boston: The Old Corner Book Store.

Bradley, A. G. Captain John Smith. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

Brandes, George. Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. Vol. VI. Macmillan Co. $3.25.

Browning's Poems. Henry Frowde.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by Charles S. Baldwin. Longmans.

Clay, Beatrice. Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table. Dutton. $2.50.

Clerke, Agnes M. The System of the Stars. Macmillan Co. $6.50.

Cowper's Poetical Works. Edited by H. S. Milford. Henry Frowde.

Crabbe's Poems. Edited by Adolphus W. Ward. Cambridge English Classics. Vol. I. Macmillan Co.

Crichton-Browne, James. The Prevention of Senility, and A Sanitary Outlook. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

Cripper, Layton. Olympus and Fuji Yama. Grannis Press.

Crosby, Ernest. Garrison the Non-Resistant. Chicago: The Public Publishing Co. 50 cents.

Crowther, Samuel, and Arthur Ruhle. Rowing and Track Athletics. Macmillan Co. $2 net.

D'Arblay, Madame. Diary and Letters (1778-1840). Edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett, with preface and notes by Austin Dobson. In six volumes. Vol. VI. Macmillan Co.

Dauchy & Company's Newspaper Catalogue.

Dickens's Chimes.—Cricket on the Hearth.—Christmas Carol. Dutton. $3 per set.

Dickerson, Mary A. The Wonderful Wishes of Jack and Jean. A. Wessels Co.

Dickinson, G. Lowes. The Greek View of Life. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Dixon, Richard Watson. Last Poems. Edited by Robert Bridges. Henry Frowde.

Dunning, H. W. To-day on the Nile. James Pott & Co. $2.50 net.

Eliot, George. Silas Marner. Dutton. $2.

Erb, J. Lawrence. Brahms. Dutton. $1.25.

Fitch, Clyde. The Girl with the Green Eyes. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

Flackner's Curieuse Nachricht von Pennsylvania. Edited by Julius F. Sachse. Printed for the Author.

Foolish Almanac, The, 1906. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Franklin, Benjamin, The Writings of. Edited by Albert H. Smyth. Vol. II.; 1722-1750. Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Frazer, J. G. Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship. Macmillan Co. $2.75.

Frenssen, Gustav. Hilligenlei. Lemcke & Buechner.

Garrison, Theresa Holmes. Songs. In four groups. Boston: Arthur P. Schmidt. 75c. each.

Giovanni, Edoardo. Maud Muller in Latin Verse. Privately printed.

Gladden, Washington. The New Idolatry. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20 net.

Herodes and Mariamne. Edited by Edward S. Mayer. Henry Holt & Co. 60 cents net.

Homes of Tennyson, The. Painted by Helen Allingham. Described by Arthur Paterson. Macmillan Co. $2.

Hunter, Wm. C. Frozen Dog Tales. Boston: The Everett Press Co. $1.

Incidents Attending the Capture, Detention, and Ransom of Charles Johnston of Virginia. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co. $2.50 net.

James, George Wharton. In and Out of the Old Missions of California. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

Jastrow, Jr., Morris. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.

Joubert, Carl. The Truth about the Tsar. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Kimball, Alonzo Weston. Occasional Addresses. Privately Printed.

Lang, Andrew. The Secret of the Totem. Longmans. $3 net.

Lewis Carroll Birthday Book, The. Selected by Christine Terhune Herrick. A. Wessels Co. 75 cents.

Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Edited by Nott Flint. Longmans. 40 cents.

Machiavelli. The Art of War. Translation of 1560. The Prince. Translation of 1640.—The Florentine History. Translation of 1595. 2 vols. London: David Nutt.

Mayer, Alfred Goldsborough. Sea-Shore Life. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Menzel, A. von, Drawings of. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.

Minute Book of the Committee of Safety, The. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Morse, Jr., John T. Memoirs of Colonel Henry Lee Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Nugent, Meredith. New Games and Amusements. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

O'Brien, William. Recollections. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Parrish, Randall. Historic Illinois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Paul, Herbert. A History of Modern England. Vol. IV. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

Philippson, Martin. The Age of Louis XIV. (A History of All Nations, Vol. XIII.) Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co.

Prior, Edward S. The Cathedral Builders in England. Dutton. $2 net.

Prior: Poems on Several Occasions. Edited by A. R. Waller. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Reynolds, Joshua. Discourses. Dutton. $2.50 net.

Richards, Ellen H. The Cost of Shelter. John Wiley & Sons. $1.

Ross, Janet. Florentine Palaces and their Stories. Dutton. $2 net.

Royde-Smith, N. G. Una and the Red Cross Knight and Other Stories from Spenser's Faery Queene Dutton. $2.50.

Sauter, Edwin. The Faithless Favorite. Published by the Author.

Savage, Minot J. Religion. W. B. Perkins.

Schoonmaker, Edwin Davies. The Saxons. Chicago: The Hammersmark Publishing Co.

Shakespeare's Tragedie of King Lear. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Sharp, Evelyn. Micky. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Smith, Goldwin. Irish History and the Irish Question. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50 net.

Tout, T. F. The Political History of England. Vol. III.; 1216-1377. Longmans. $2.60 net.

Van Rensselaer, Mrs. John King. Newport, Our Social Capital. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $30 net.

Verrall, A. W. Essays on Four Plays of Euripides. Macmillan Co. $2.25.

Wallace, Alfred Russel. My Life. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $6 net.

Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration and Washington's Farewell Address. Edited by Fred N. Scott. Longmans.

Wee Folks Story Book. Edited by Alfred C. Playne. Dutton. $1.25.

Willson, Robert N. The American Boy and the Social Evil. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

Wittlgschlager, Wilhelmina. Minna: Wife of the Young Rabbi. Consolidated Retail Booksellers. $1.50.

Wyllie, W. L. J. M. W. Turner. Macmillan Co. $3.

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